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ADVERTISEMENT

PP 5982 d.
BY THE

BOOKSELLERS

THE
MONTHLY
AMUSEMENT

NUMB. I.

For APRIL, 1709.

ADVERTISEMENT BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

According to the Title, 'tis design'd to publish every Month a Novel or a Play, and sometimes both together, selected from the best *Spanish, French, and Italian* Writers. The Translations will be by several Hands. All the Novels of *CERVANTES*, and the best Plays of *MOLIERE*, are already done, and will lead the Van in this intended Collection. It shall be no less our Care, than it must be our great Expence, to have the Novels and Plays well-chosen, and well-translated, by Persons esteem'd to have a good Taste and Style for such Things. If the Publick relish an Entertainment of this kind, we can furnish Plenty; if not, 'twill be to no Purpose to importune them: In either Case, whether we go far or short in this Design, the Buyers of what we shall have Encouragement to publish, will suffer no Disappointment; because every Piece will be an interesting Work of it self.

If any Gentleman or Lady, shall be pleas'd to advise or contribute to the Improvement of this Design, they may direct their Letters to our Shops, and have such their Favours thankfully acknowledg'd in the Manner they shall chuse.



La GITANILLA:

THE LITTLE GYPSIE.

A NOVEL.

Written by MIGUEL de CERVANTES
SAAVEDRA.

And done from the SPANISH,
By J. OZELL.



LONDON, Printed for D. Midwinter in St. Paul's
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LA GIANILLA

THE

LITTLE GYPSIE

NOVEL



LOVE & TRUTH
CHARITY AND A
SIBBY

T H E
T R A N S L A T O R
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THE following Novels being written by the Author of *Don Quixote*, I shall scatter no Words to recommend them to the Publick: Only I can't but admire that in a Hundred Years no Body has had the Curiosity to put them into English. Dr. Pope has indeed done some of them; but whether he was Nice in his Choice, will appear upon Comparison, which I shall forbear, and proceed to those the Dr. has left undone. The Author calls them *Novelas Exemplares*, and in his Preface insinuates that he Wrote them when he was very far advanced, or rather declining in Years: Tho' if he had kept his own Council, no Body cou'd have known it by the Performance; and whatever he says about his being too Old to Jest with the other World, 'tis certain he makes very pretty Sport with This.

Tou'ching the present Translation, something may be expected to be said. In the first Place, I am humbly sure I cannot be charg'd with not thoroughly understanding the Original: If this be admitted, it may in some Measure excuse the Liberty I have now and then taken to add a Word

The Translator to the Reader.

or Two where I conceiv'd it might render the Sense the Fuller, (tho' of all Men, Cervantes gives the least Occasion for such Supplements.) How much his Credit may be lessen'd by my Management I know not, but his Text has suffer'd no Diminution: I have not in the Narration omitted any thing he thought fit to say. I have thrown in a few Notes about some Things peculiar to Spain; but as they are not many, so I likewise hope they will be judg'd the less impertinent to English Readers, since they relate to a Kingdom, for which, in other Respects, They are so much concern'd. In the Poetry I could not follow my Author so close as in the Prose, without making it less Agreeable, if not less Rational than (I hope) it now is. Particularly in the Ode upon the Spanish Queen, I have banish'd Saturn, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Ganymede, and the rest of that Tribe, because I thought them improper Company for the Virgin Mary, in the same Poem: I have also vary'd in the Measure, and chang'd some of the Materials; Being dazzled with the Idea of a much more glorious Queen than his Margaret, no Wonder I sometimes lose Sight of my Author. To conclude, The Verses, such as they be, are every-where of my own composing; except Part of the Ballad, Keep me not under Lock and Key, in the Second Novel entitled *El Zeloso Estremeno*.

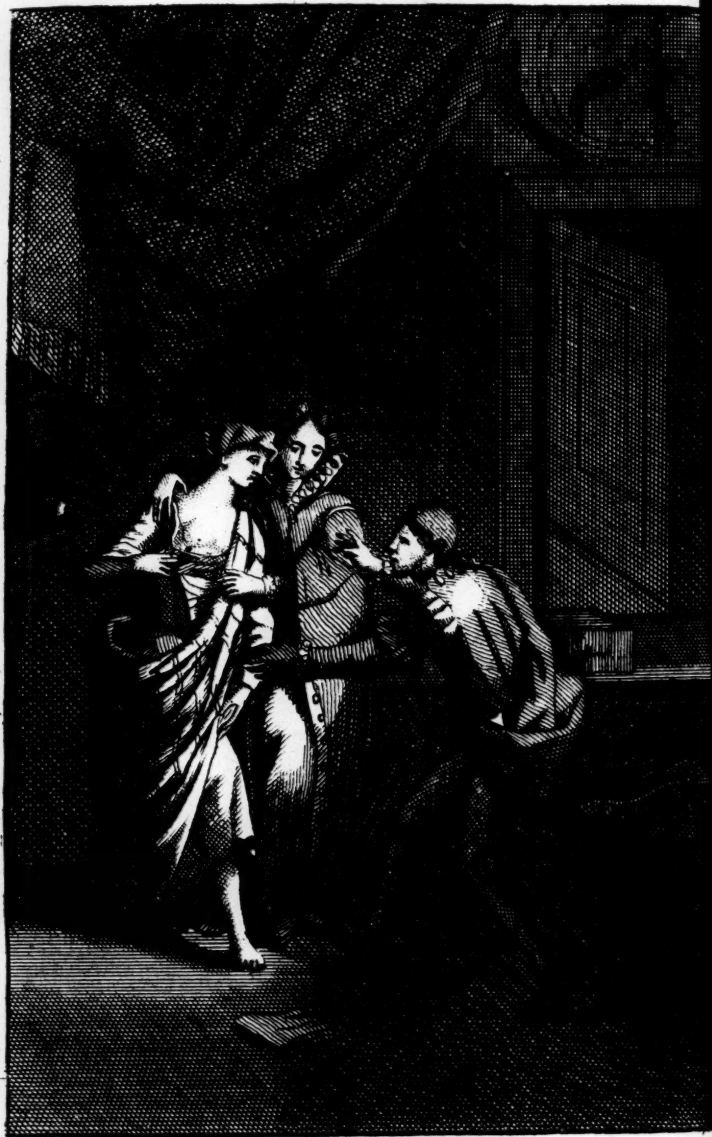


JOHN OZELL.

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INSTRUCTIVE NOVELS.

La GITANILLA.

THE
LITTLE GYPSIE.

IT shou'd seem that the Race of Gypsies, Male and Female, are only born into the World to be Thieves; their Parents are Thieves, They are bred up Thieves, They study Thieving; and, in short, grow so Dextrous at it, that nothing comes amiss to em. They can grind either with Wind or Water, as they say, and are fit for any manner of Use. The Passion of Pilfering, and the *Admiration* too, are their inseparable Concomitants; which never leave them till They leave the World.

One of this Community, an old Woman, (who upon Account of her long Services in the Faculty of *Cooks*, might have sue'd out her *Discharge*), train'd up a young Girl in the Quality of her Grand-Daughter. She call'd her by the Name of *Preciosa*, and taught her all the Gypsie-Tricks, with the whole Art of cleanly Conveyance. *Preciosa* became

became so great a Proficient, especially in Dancing, that she had not her Fellow in the whole Kingdom of *Gypsy-ism*; and for Wit and Beauty, Surpass'd not only all *Gypsies*, but all other Women who were cry'd up for those Endowments. Neither the Sun, nor the Air, nor any Inclemency of the Weather (to which, of all People, *Gypsies* are most expos'd) ever had the Power to change the Loveliness of her Face, or discolour the Whiteness of her Hands: Together with this, she was so extremely Genteel and well-behav'd, that it caus'd all who look'd upon her with any Attention, to suspect she ow'd her Extraction to a better sort of Family than that of a *Gyp-sie*. All the Fault that could be found with her, was a little too much Airyness and Freedom in her Manner; but not such as discover'd any thing like a vicious Inclination: On the contrary, with all her Sprightliness she was so Severe in point of Virtue, that, in her Presence, None of her Companions, either Old or Young, durst sing any lascivious Song, or utter an unseemly Word: In short, the *Beldam* knew what a Treasure she had of her Daughter, and like an old Eagle resolv'd to shew her young One how to fly and to get her Living by her Talons. *Preciosa* grew rich in Ballads, Christmas - Carols, Country - Songs, Sarabands, Madrigals, Sonnets, Couplets, and other

other Verses, especially *Romances* (or Odes) which she sung with an admirable Grace: For the cunning old Tutrefs perceiving that such sort of Toys and pretty little Fancies, in the tender Age and great Beauty of the Girl, would have very happy Effects in bringing Grist to her Mill, made it her Business to procure such Pieces, and left no Stone unturn'd to come at 'em. Nor was there any want of *Poets* to furnish her for ready Mony. *Poets* are no proud Men; they'll take up with any Body to get an honest Penny: How many be there who work for the blind Ballad-Singers that set up their Staff at the Corners of the Streets? supply 'em with feign'd Miracles, and go shares with them in the Gain? Such doings there are in the World; *Hunger*, upon these Occasions, makes *Poets* as well as *Nature*, and throws their Wits upon more things than are in the Map.

To return to *Preciosa*; she was brought up in divers Places of *Castile*, and when she was about fifteen Years old, her reputed Grandmother carry'd her to *Madrid*, thinking to make a good hand of her Merchandise at † Court, where all things are Bought and all things Sold. The first Time *Preciosa* appear'd in *Madrid*, was on St, Anne's Day, the Tutelar Saint and Protectress of that Town.

B. 2

They

† The whole Town of *Madrid*, is counted the King's Court.

4 *The LITTLE GYPSIE*

They made their Entry with a Dance, compos'd of Eight Gypsie-women (Four Old and Four Young) and one *Man*, a good Dancer, who led 'em up. They were all very neat and spruce in their Fashion, and drew the Eyes of every Body upon 'em ; but *Preciosa's* Attractions were such, that the Spectators grew enamour'd of her. As they were repeating the Dance, in the midst of Tabors and Castanetts, there was heard a mingled Murmur of Applause, extolling the Beauty and Charms of the *Little Gypsie* ; the Boys running to see her, and the Men to admire her. But when they heard her sing, after the Dance was over, the Air rung with Acclamations and Praises, and the Judges of the Festival, instantly, and with one Accord, gave her the Prize of the best Performer.

'Tis the Custom, upon celebrating this Holy-Day, to Repair to *St. Mary's Church*, before the Image of *St. Anne*. Thither the Gypsies went, and after they had all Danc'd, *Preciosa* took a sort of Timbrel, to the Musick of which she sung the following Hymn :

*Arbol preciosissimo,
Que tardo en dar fruto
Años, que pudieron
Cubrirle de luto,
Y hazer los desseos
Del Conforte puros*

*Contra su esperanza
No muy bien seguros :
De cuyo tardarse
Nació aquel disgusto,
Que lanço del Templo
Al Varon mas justo, &c.*

The LITTLE GYPSIE.

To St. ANNE, Mother of the Bless-
ed Virgin.

I.

O Thou! whose Consort, best of Men,
Lamented much and sigh'd in vain,
Despondent of the Blessing, He
Doubted thy Slow Fertility:
So long didst thou defer thy Fruit,
Thou Precious Tree! Inestimable Root!

II.

Thou Holy Earth, which did a while
The Pious Prophet's Hopes beguile;
Ten thousand-fold thou didst repay
The Sufferings caus'd by thy Delay,
When from thy Sacred Soil there came
The Plenty that supports the World's vast Frame:
Thro' Thee, bright Saint! Omnipotence convey'd
Joseph's Mysterious Wife, the God-producing Maid.

III.

To thy Womb's Mine, We owe, blest Anne,
The Stamp that coyn'd Immensity a Man.

Oh Thou! whose Child th' Almighty chose,

By whom his Greatness to disclose!

Oh thou! whose Rule, the humble Maid

Tho' teeming with a God, Obey'd!

To thee, our Refuge in Distress,

Our Hearts and bended Knees address;

Do thou the Court of Heaven prepare

T' accept our Vows and hear our Prayer

To Mary's Son our fervent Suit commend,

And let our Orisons in Praises end!

6 The LITTLE GYPSIE.

Preciosa sung so well, that she ravish'd all who heard her: Some bless'd her; Others said, 'twas a Thousand Pities she was born a Gypsie, and that she was worthy of Illustrious Birth. Some more gross, *Let the little Harpie grow, Let her but grow; She'll be a Good One, I'll warrant her; She'll spread her Nets (i' faith) so that few Birds shall escape her.* *Preciosa* heard all this without seeming to regard it, any more than the insipid Flatteries the Vulgar gave her.

Evening coming on, put an end to the Ceremonies, and she gave over dancing, not a little tir'd; but withal so applauded, for Prettyness, Wittyness, good Sense, and clever Dancing, that she ingroft all the Discourse of the Court.

The Place of Rendezvous of the Gypsies when they come to *Madrid*, is in the Fields of *St. Barbara*: Thither it was *Preciosa* retir'd. But, in a Fortnight's time she came to the Town again, accompanied by three other Gypsie-girls, with Tabors and a new Dance; all furnish'd with *Romances*, and a great many very pleasant, but modest Songs; for *Preciosa* (as has been said before) would never permit 'em to sing any other, nor would she do it her self; a thing for which she was mightily taken Notice of by all People. The old Woman would never trust *Preciosa* out of her Sight, but watch'd her like *Argus*, lest some Body should snap her

up

up and run away with her; Nor did *Preciosa* look on her Guardian any otherwise than as if she had been her real Grandmother. They began their Dance in a shady Place of the *Toledo-Street*, and soon got a numerous Ring of People about 'em. While the four Girls were dancing, the old Woman was busie in picking up the Pence which rattled in upon the Stage from all Quarters like Hail-stones: So true it is, that *Beauty has Power to waken the most Lethargic Charity*. The Dance was no sooner done, but *Preciosa* made a Proclamation, "If any Body will give me 4 Half-pence, [*Quarts*]" "I will sing a Song by my self, the prettiest Song in the World; it tells how our Sovereign Lady Queen *Margaret* went to return Thanks in *Valladolid* after her lying-in of a Prince, and how she was Church'd in *St. Laurence's*: 'Tis a famous Piece, I assure you, and compos'd by one of the prime Poets, a Captain in his Profession. Scarce had *Preciosa* done speaking, but the Throng, one and all, cry'd out, Sing it *Preciosa*. Sing it. Here's my four Half-pence, and *Mine*, and *Mine*; insomuch that the old Woman wanted Hands to gather 'em.

At length the Harvest being got in, *Preciosa* struck up, and in a Voluble Humorous Tone, sung the Verses she had promis'd, and which were conceiv'd in these Terms:

ACT V

B 4

Salio

Salio a Missa de Parida, &c.

I.

BEhold, of Queens the Queen appears!
 The Brightest Ornament of Earth!
 Whom all the Universe reveres!
 The First in Merit, and the First in Birth!
 Virtue and Beauty both Conspire
 To Form Thee Queen of our Desire!
 Behold! She to the Temple moves!
 Attended by the Graces and the Loves!

II.

Behold Her at the Altar serve,
 She who Altars does deserve!
 Oh sacred Treasure! Gift of Jove!
 Delight of Men, and Pow'rs above!
 Refulgent on Thy Face is seen
 The Empyrean Heav'n and Source of Day,
 The Azure-Sky, where Phoebus takes his Way;
 Oh Goddess sure! Oh more than Earthly Queen!

III.

Next to the Queen, behold the Star,
 Of Men and Gods the Care! (The Infant Prince)
 For which they trembl'd, and for which they groan'd,
 And much the tardy Birth bemoan'd,
 The Night of our Despair.

IV.

See how the Brilliant Spheres descend,
 And open as they downwards bend!
 Troops of Immortals on her wait!
 See all the Court of Heav'n attend,
 To form the Ring of State!

V. All

The LITTLE GYPSIE. 9

V.

All that is Rare
In Earth, Sea, Air,
All that ever precious grew
In the Old World or the New,
Arabian Spices, Indian Gold,
And all that's Glorious to behold,
Th' Enammel of the Meads profusely gay,
Contend to deck the Triumphs of the Day!

VI.

Banish'd be Envy, Child of Hell!
Let nothing here but Gladness dwell!
Let Universal Cheer be found!
And Bacchanalian Mirth go round!
With nimble Feet
The Pavement beat,
And every Hill and Dale resound!
The lisping Infant shall its Joys unfold,
And Youth repeat the Echoes of the Old!

VII.

Happy may'st Thou ever Reign
Always fruitful without Pain!
Heav'n that Form'd thee, bad thee be
The Scourge of Vice and Infidelity.
Justice to Thee for Aid applier,
To Thee each trembling Virtue flies:
Ever happy may'st thou reign!
For thy own Glory and the Good of Spain!

VIII.

Oh may the Sacred Sisters Crown
Thy Length of Tears with bright Renown!

Grant

10 The LITTLE GYPSIE.

Grant all thy Days be Days of Spring,
And long, long Weave the Vital String !
Wish softest Silk and purest Gold
Oh let the Precious Ball be roll'd !
Thus Vow'd the People, thus their Wishes told;

IX.

And now the Godlike Pious Queen,
Is in the Martyr's Chappel seen,
Who Phoenix-like, consum'd by Fire,
Did glorious from the Dust aspire ; [St. Laurence.
Incapable of Death, his Fame
Unhurt and still the same, (Flame.
Surviv'd Man's feeble Rage, and Triumph'd o'er the

X.

" Oh Virgin-Mother, Wife and Maid !
(The prostrate Queen devoutly pray'd,)
" From endless Bliss some Moments spare,
" And be my humble Suit thy Care !
" Thou, to whose Meekness it was giv'n,
" To * Tread the Stars, and Rule in Heav'n !
" Let not thy Suppliant's Vows be lost in Air !

XI.

" Lo! to thy Holy Shrine, I bring
" My First-Fruits for an Offering !
" All that I Am and Have is Thine ;
" The Boon thou gav'st I here resign
" Accept what I restore !
" So may thy sacred Name be prais'd,
" And thro' the Earth thy Altars rais'd,
" Till Time shall be no more.

XII. " This

• Pifar Estrellas.

XII.

" This Child to Thee I Consecrate ;
 " Oh grant (but be it very late!)
 " When his Imperial Father, weary grown
 " With bearing up both Hemispheres,
 " And bent beneath the Weight of Tears,
 " Shall change his Earthly Throne ;
 " Oh! let it be by Heav'n Decreed,
 " This Babe, a second Atlas, may succeed.

XIII.

Uprose the Queen, the Temple shook,
 And, by her Priests, the Goddess spake,
 " Rejoyce, O mighty Queen, rejoyce,
 " In Hallelujahs tune thy Voice ;
 " To Exrasy thy Spirit raise,
 " And let thy Soul dissolve in Praise!
 " Let Beatific Joys thy Breast dilate,
 " For Heav'n has heard thy Pray'r, and made it Fate.

Scarce had Preciosa finisht her Ode, but the
 Illustrious Auditory and Grave Senate that
 surrounded her, Resolv'd unanimously to
 open their Purse and oblige her to Sing
 it over again. The Assembly consisted
 of more than 200 Persons ; and while the
 Little Gypsie held 'em by the Ears after this
 manner, there happen'd to pass by that way
 an Officer of the Law (a Puny Judge) who
 being a Man of some Curiosity, stood to
 hear a little ; but for fear of offending
 against his Gravity, did not stay the Song
 out. Being toucht with the Voice and
 Beauty

Beauty of *Preciosa*, he order'd his Footman to tell the old Gypsie Woman, that upon the shutting in of Day she should come to his House and bring her Girls along with her, to Entertain his Wife *Donna Clara*, who would be very glad to see them. The Footman did as his Master bid him, and the old Woman promist she would come. Soon after this, the Gypsies mov'd their Station. As they were going, a brisk young Fellow, in the Habit of a Page, took his Time to accost *Preciosa*, and putting a folded Paper into her hand, he begg'd of her to learn that Song, for it was a very good one, and he did not doubt but it would please her as well as every Body else; he promis'd he would furnish her from Time to Time with New Things, by which she would gain the Reputation of the best Singer in the Kingdom. *Preciosa* told him she would learn it with all her Heart, but bad him take care to give her such Songs as he promis'd, upon Condition they were not offensive; and that if he expected to be paid for them, they would agree at so much per Dozen to be paid when Sung; for to think she could pay him before-hand was an impossible thing. Never trouble your self about that, reply'd the Youth, We shall agree well enough, take this Song in the mean while; 'tis decent and modest, and if ever I offer you any other, turn 'em upon my Hands. I'll be at my

my Liberty to pick and choofe, cry'd *Preciosa*; and with this Chat they were got into another Street overagainſt an Iron-Grate from whence the Gypſies heard themſelves call'd. *Preciosa* looking thro' the Lattice which was low, ſaw ſeveral Gentlemen Gaming and others Walking and Converſing together in a large Hall very Magnificent and finely Furniſht. *Your Worſhips forget the poor Gypſies, have you no * Baratto-money to beſtow upon us?* (ſaid *Preciosa* in a liſping Tone, as Gypſies uſe to do, Artificially, not by Nature:) At *Preciosa's* Voice and Face, the Gameſters left off Gaming and the Walkers Walking; and both the one and the other flockt to the Grate to ſee her, whom they all knew before, or had heard of; Crying out, let the little Gypſies in, let 'em come in, we have ſomething to give 'em. *Perhaps we ſhould buy it too dear,* reply'd *Preciosa*. I underſtand you, ſaid one of the Gentlemen, but thou may'ſt ſafely enter Child, no Body ſhall touch ſo much as thy Shoe-string; by the Badge of my Order they ſhall not: With that he laid his hand to his Breſt, whereon was the Croſs of *Calatrava*. If you have a Mind to venture, ſaid one of the Gypſie-

* *Baratto-money*, in Spain is what the winning Gameſters uſually give to the By-Standers: 'Tis ſo common a thing there, that many Families ſubſiſt by this ſort of Benevolence. With us *Baratto-money* is what's giv'n to the loſing Gameſters only.

girls

14 The LITTLE GYPSIE.

girls to *Preciosa*, go in, a' God's Name; for my part I have not courage enough to enter into a Place where there are so many Men. You're a Novice, *Christina*, (said *Preciosa* to her,) what you ought to guard against, is, being with one Man *Alone*, not a great many *Together*: Persons of our Sex who are resolv'd to preserve their Virtue, may do it, ev'n in the midst of an Army of Soldiers: I own 'tis good to shun the Temptation; but this must be understood of Secret not Publick Occasions. *Christina* agreeing to what she said, and the Old Woman encouraging them at the same Time, they went in: Immediately the Knight of *Calatrava* spy'd the Paper in *Preciosa's* Bosom, and coming up to her snatcht it away: She conjur'd him not to keep it, for that it was a Song which had been given her but a Moment before, and which she had not yet read. *Can you Read, my Dear?* said one of the Gentlemen. That she can, and Write too, says the old Woman; I'd have you to know I have brought up my Daughter as if she had been the Parson of the Parish's Child. In the mean time the Knight open'd the Paper, in which he found a Crown of Gold; In good truth, *Preciosa*, said he, this Letter pays the Postage on the inside: Do you take the Crown, and let me have the Song. 'Tis very well, reply'd *Preciosa*, this Poet has not treated me as if I was Rich. How

ever

The LITTLE GYPSIE. 15

ever, the Case is singular enough; 'tis a thing much more Extraordinary for a Poet to Give me a Crown, than for me to Receive one. If this be his way of presenting Verses, e'en let him Transcribe the whole Collection of Songs and Miscellany Poems entire, and send 'em me one after another; I'll feel the pulse of 'em, he may depend upon't; and if there's any hard Lines among 'em, I'll soften 'em by a kind Reception. The Cavaliers were surpriz'd to hear her rally so prettily: I'm impatient, continues she, to hear this Song; Pray Sir be so kind as to Read it Out, and let us see if the Poet be as Witty as he is Generous. The Cavalier read it in these Words:

To the Pretty Gypsie.

I.

LOOK thou but Inward on thy Mind,
Then on thy Outward Form reflect;
All is thy Pleasing Beauty join'd
With rigid Scorn and cold Neglect.

II.

Under thy Blooming Angel Face
A Cruel Serpent threat'ns Harm;
If wretched were all Humane Race,
If thou less able wert to Charm.

III.

Oh thou! with Heav'n's best Gifts endu'd!
Oh Rock! Where Thousands meet their Fate!
While thou assur'st Our Fortune Good,
Ten Thousand Ills thou dost Create!

Of

16 The LITTLE GYPSIE.

IV.

Oft have I heard the Gypsie-Trade
Have Pow'r & Inchant and to Surprise;
Too sure I find, bewitching Maid,
The Charm's not in thy Hand but Eyes.

V.

Object! more Lovely than the Light!
Tis thee Alone whom I adore;
Oh! leave me not in Endless Night,
Rich is my Love, tho' Hope but Poor.

The last Verse ends in Poverty, cry'd Preciosa,
that's no good Omen: Lovers should never say
a word of their being Poor; for, in my Opinion,
Poverty and Love are two irreconcilable Enemies.
Where did you learn to talk thus, ye little
Baggage you? cry'd one of the Gentlemen.
Where did I learn it? answer'd She, Have not
I a Soul in my Body? am I not Fifteen Years old?
I thank God I'm not Lame nor Hip-shotten nor
Ricketty in my Understanding. Your Gypsies
Sail in another Sea, and by a different Compass
from other Folk: Their Cunning always Out-strip
their Years; there's no such thing as a Fool
among Us. Being forc'd to Live by our Wits,
we are always snuffing the Candle of our Ingenuity
that it may Burn the Brighter. We suffer not
Grass to grow under our Feet. You see the
young Girls my Companions; they stand like
Mum-chance, and by their Silence you'd take
em for Statues; but let me tell you, they know
What's What. They have all their Eye-Teeth

try 'em; - put your Finger into their Mouths. There's not a Girl among us at Twelve Years of Age, but knows more than another at Five and Twenty. a little Experience and a Spice of the Diabolical Art, adds she smiling, are our Preceptors; They teach us more in an Hour, than can be otherwise learnt in an Age.

The Repartee of the Little Gypsie Amaz'd the Cavaliers and perfectly enchanted 'em; in short they were so well pleas'd with her, that they all gave something, as well those who Play'd as those who did not. The old Woman's Box went nimbly about. This job was worth her 30 Sixpences [Reals] at least. So for that time she took her Leave, to go the Judge's House; Driving her Ewe-lambs before her, as blith and as merry as Easter. The Judge's Wife having Notice before-hand of their Coming, had got some Neighbours together and stay'd wishing for her, as for Rain in May.

The Moment the Gypsies appear'd, the Ladies ran to Preciosa, who Shone among the rest as a Torch do's among lesser Lights. Some embrac'd her; others stare'd upon her; These Bless'd her, Those Prais'd her; What Hair! like Gold. What Eyes; like Emeralds, cry'd Clara. Another Lady dissected her, took her all to pieces from Head to Foot, her Joynts, Limbs, Features: Ob what Dimple in her Chin, Many a Heart has fal'n herein! Then comes ye my old Gentleman-

C

Usher

Usher with a long Beard, and fourscore Years upon his Back : Do's your Ladyship call this a Dimple ; If I know any thing of Dimples or Chins, this is no Dimple, but a Sepulchre wherein all that look upon her are bury'd Alive. By Heav'n She's as Bright as Burnisht Plate, and as Sweet as Sugar-Candy : Can you tell Fortunes, Child ? *More ways than One*, reply'd *Preciosa*. So much the better, cry'd *Donna Clara*, and by the Life of my Lord and Husband, thou shalt tell me mine, my Jewel. Give her, give her your Hand and something to Cross it with, cry'd the old Witch, and you'll soon see she knows as much as any Doctor of Physick. Madam Judge put her Hand into her Pocket, but not a Rag of Money could she find. She would have borrow'd a Half-penny of her Servants, and of the other Lady ; but they were all stockt alike, not the third Part of a Farthing among 'em. *We shall never make a Fortune here*, said *Preciosa* between her Teeth ; afterwards raising her Voice she told 'em, that all Crosses, quatenus Crosses are good, but those of Silver or Gold are better and to Cross the palm of the Hand with a piece of Copper, your Ladiships will give me leave to tell you, lessens your good Fortune, at least mine (aside) : A Crown piece or a half Pistole may work Miracles ; but what Virtue can there be in a white Farthing, or a Copper Half-penny. For my part, I'm like the Church-Wardens, who

who

when there has been a good Collection for the Poor, regale Themselves. You're Witty my Dear, said the Neighbour Lady, and turning to the Gentleman-Usher, desir'd him to lend her a Sixpenny-piece till the Doctor her Husband came home, and then she would return it him. I had a Coronation-Groat, reply'd he ; but happening to Eat a Supper last Night, I was forc'd to Pawn it for three Pence three Farthings, which if you'll please to furnish me with, I'll go and redeem it. Dost thou ask us for three Pence three Farthings, when we have not a Half penny among us all, cry'd Donna Clara? Get you gone for an Impertinent as you are! All is not Gold that glisters, said one of the Chamber-Maids (*aside*); 'tis not always in great Houses, that great Riches are to be lookt for ; I have a Silver Thimble, continues she, if that would do to Cross the Hand with? Oh to choose, said Preciosa, they make the best Crosses in the World, provided there be a good Number of 'em. I have but this One, reply'd the Maid, if that's enough, here it is, but with this Condition that you tell me my Fortune into the Bargain. So many Fortunes for one poor Thimble? said the old Gypsie ; Daughter be quick, it grows Late. Preciosa soon put up the Thimble, and taking the Judge's Wife by the Hand, she spoke to this Effect.

Give me that Hand, than Snow more White;
 I'll tell your Fortune to a Dait.
 Your Spouse has no suspicious Fate;
 He scarce is fond enough for That:
 (A Sect there is of Idle Fellows
 Who Love too little to be Jealous.)
 Your good Man's grown a meer Ham-Drum;
 The Blue rub'd off, he scorns the Plumb.
 You far more Sweet than Honey are,
 Tame as a Lamb, and mild as Fair:
 Yet sometimes you are fierce, and fly on
 Like Tyger or Barbarian Lyon;
 But then the Storm is quickly Over,
 (Wherein the Woman you discover;)
 As Infant hush'd in Mamma's Breast,
 So is your Passion laid to Rest.
 A Mole you have above the Knee
 A Blindman wou'd be glad to see.
 Thrice 'tis your Fate to be a Mother;
 Not soon, but one time or another.
 A Daughtor you shall have, whose Charms
 Will give the Neighbouring Youth Alarms;
 Beware she break not thro' her Tedders;
 More Sweet-Hearts far there be than Wedders.
 You Scold too much and Eat too little;
 Three Husbands you shall have 't a Little;
 Nay be not so rejoyc'd to hear it,
 I will not undertake to swear it;
 The Wisest of us may Mistake,
 All is not Gospel that we Speak.
 Of an Estate a Friend shall leave ye,
 The Lawyers will one Half bereave ye.
 To Night behind the Garden-Wall
 You're threatn'd with a Dang'rous Fall;
 Take heed you don't a Shoulder slip;
 Your high-heeld Shoes are apt to trip,

Because

Because thereby the Toes are crumpl'd,
And many a Woman Over-rumpl'd.
But if you wou'd no hurt Receive,
Fall forwards ever while you Live.

Preciosa deliver'd these Pleasantrys with so agreeable an Air, that they were all a-gog to know their Fortune; but she put them off to another Day, advising them to line their Pockets with Silver Pieces.

They were just going, when *Clara's* Husband came in. They told him Wonders of the Pretty Gypsie: He stopt them a while and made *Preciosa* and the rest Dance to him a little, and Confirm'd the Praises that had been given him of her; then putting his hand into his Pocket, made as if he had a Mind to give her something; but after a great deal of shaking and rumaging, he pull'd it out as empty as it went in. Let me Dye if I have a Penny of Money about me, Prithee my Dear, says he to his Wife, give *Preciosa* Sixpence and I'll give it you again. A very good jest! replies she, and how should I come by Sixpence? you ought to know how well I'm provided. Give her then some pretty little thing, adds he, *Preciosa* will come and see us again another Time, and then we'll make her amends. I'm not of your Opinion, replies the Wife, I'll give her nothing this Time, and that will oblige her to come and see us again. Rather if you give me nothing now,
said

said Preciosa, you'll never see me more. In the mean time I shall Save my self the Trouble of expecting it. You don't look as if you'd be Richer to Morrow than you are to Day. It is not with the Great Ones, that any Body should think to do their Business. They take with Both Hands, and pay with Neither; and what Remcompence can I hope for? Let me give you a Word of Advice, Mr. Justice. Never refuse a Bribe and you'll never want Money. If you will not Act like your Brethren of the Bench, but are for introducing new Customs, you'll Starve, there's no help for't; your Wife must Starve, your Servants must Starve, and all that are about you. I know very well the Practice of others, reply'd the Judge, but that's nothing to me, I'm not of a Humour to Damn my Soul for filthy Lucre. Why there's it, says the Little Gypsie, Your Head runs upon being Canoniz'd for a Saint when you're Dead: I own it wou'd be an extraordinary thing, a very extraordinary thing, to see a Judge's Name in Red Letters in the Calendar; and now I think on't I bespeak a small Piece of your Cloak for a Relick. Prithee don't be so severe, Preciosa, (said the Judge) I'm your Friend, and if you'll be rul'd by me, I'll put you in a way to be taken Notice of by their Majesties; for thou art a Bird for a King. Their Majesties perhaps wou'd make me their Fester, said Preciosa, and I agree tis a very good Trade in a Prince's Court. A Buffoon They make

makes his Fortune much sooner than an Honest Man; but as it is a thing I'm awkward at, I shou'd soon be discarded. I'm very well content to be as I am, and to run the Course that Heav'n has set me:— Here she was interrupted by her Grannum; Hold a little, Young Gentlewoman, not so fast I beseech ye; Indeed and indeed you talk of more things than you learn't from Me: They that Refine too much, may be in Danger of losing their Edge; Don't let your Tongue run Riot, but speak as becomes your Years: Don't fly too high for fear of a Fall.—The Judge stare'd at the Gypsies, as if he thought the Devil was in the Body of 'em. Night coming on they took their leaves, and as they were going, the Damself of the Thimble bad Preciosa tell her Fortune too, or return her Thimble, for that she had no other to Work with. Hark ye Mistress-Maid, says Preciosa, Make account that I have told you your Fortune, and Provide your self with another Thimble; or make no more Gassers till Friday, when I shall be here again; and will tell thee more Ventures and Adventures than are contain'd in a Book of Knight-Errantry. After this, they went their ways and joyn'd Company with several Country-Women, who at the Ave-Mary Bell are wont to go out of Town to the Villages thereabouts, and among them there were Some whom the Gypsies always ming-

mingled with and so return'd secure ; For the Old Gypsie liv'd in continual fear of losing *Preciosa*.

It happen'd afterwards, early one Morning, as they were returning to *Madrid* to levy their Contributions, in a little Vally about 500 Paces from the Town, the first Object that presented to their Eyes was a fine Young Gentleman, of a Good Mien and Richly Habited. The Sword and Dagger which he wore, had their Hilts of the purest Gold, his Hat Glitter'd with Jewels, and was adorn'd with a Plume of Feathers of divers Colours. The Gypsies no sooner saw him but they stop't to look at him, extremely surpriz'd that at such an Hour a Young Gentleman of his appearance shou'd be in such a place a-foot and without Company ; but they were much more surpriz'd when they saw him approaching towards them with a smiling Air, and in the most Civil Manner desiring the Old Gypsie to give him an opportunity of speaking with Her and *Preciosa* one Moment in Private ; having nothing to say to 'em but what was for their advantage. *With all my Heart*, reply'd the Old Woman, *upon Condition you don't carry us far out of the way ; nor detain us too long.* Upon this they all three stept aside about 20 Paces from the Rest, and there the Young Gentleman address'd himself to *Preciosa*, told her without much preamble, how

how great a Passion he had for her, and how much he was Captivated with her Wit and Beauty; he own'd, he had for a long time resisted his Destiny, but that the more he struggl'd with his Chain, he found himself the faster Bound; and that it was impossible for him not to Adore her. Then turning to the Old Woman, and at the same time opening his Cloak, he shew'd her a Cross upon his Breast. My good Mother, says he, I am a Knight and of One of the most Honourable Orders in Spain, as you may see. I am call'd *Don John de Carcamo*, for I will not conceal my Name from you. I live under the Care and Protection of my Father; I am an only Son and may expect a tolerable Estate. My Father at present attends the Court, Solliciting for a Post which is in some manner assur'd to him. By this you may conclude I have no Reason to complain of Fortune; Yet do I complain and must for ever, if, with all this, I possess not *Preciosa*; For whose sake I cou'd wish my self a great Lord, to raise up her Humility to my own Grandeur; by making her my Equal and my Lady. My Designs are pure and my Words sincere, and I only desire to serve *Preciosa*, in the Manner that shall please Her best; Her Will shall be always *Mine*. My Heart is like Wax, to receive the Impression of her Commands; but as lasting as Marble to preserve it.

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If

If you believe this Truth, I'm the Happiest; if not, the most Miserable of Men. I have already told you my Family and my Father's Name, and where he resides at present; I need not give you any farther Directions to inform your self of my Condition. Neither his Quality nor mine are so obscure, but that we are sufficiently known at the Palace, and throughout the Town. I have brought with me 100 Crowns in Gold, as an Earnest of my future Intentions; for he that gives his Soul, cannot refuse his Estate.

All the time that *Don John* was speaking, *Preciosa* consider'd him with attention: 'Tis certain, his good Mien, Discourse, and Shape did not seem disagreeable to her; then turning to her Grandmother, she desir'd leave to answer the Gentleman: The Old Woman knowing *Preciosa's* Capacity, soon granted it. Whereupon she began thus, Senior Cavalier, tho' I am but a poor Gypsie and of mean Extration, yet have I a sort of a fantastical Spirit that raises me above the common Level. I'm not to be mov'd with Promises, nor conquer'd by Presents, nor bent by Submissions, nor surpris'd with Gallantries. Tho' I'm young in Years, I'm not so in Understanding; I know more of the World than my Age seems to promise; and this, rather thro' my natural Genius, than from Experience, I assure you. But both the one and the other tell me, that Love is

an impetuous Passion which blinds the Eyes of those it possesses, and unhinges their Reason. A Man that's Amorous, Sees a young Person that has some Charms; he indulges himself with the Amusement, not considering the prejudice it does him in the World, and how inconvenient it is to his Affairs; He gives the Reins to his Appetite, and thinks of nothing but how to enjoy what he loves; for this purpose he leaves nothing Unattempted; and the Moment he's possess'd of her, the Scales fall off his Eyes, his Tenderness turns to Contempt; She that was his Idol before, is now his Aversion; and thinking all the while he had an Angel by the little Finger, finds at last he has got the Devil by the Great Toe.

These considerations, I own, have such an Effect on me, that I give no Credit at all to any Words, nor do I much rely upon some Deeds. One only Jewel I'm possess'd of, which I prize more than Life, and that is my Integrity and my Virtue; and rather than suffer myself to be trick'd or rob'd of it, I will carry it to the Grave, and perhaps to Heaven. Virginity is a Flower which hath a possible Existence, tho' so nice a one, that even the Imagination may hurt it. When once the Rose is cut from the Tree, how soon, and how easily does it fade? This Man handles it, that smells it, the other plucks off the Leaves, and in the end it is intirely spoil'd between the Hands of Clowns. If, Sir, you come with any such Design, you'll return without your Errand, unless I'm secur'd with the Ligatures and Bands

of Matrimony; if my Virtue inclines at all, it must be to this Holy Yoke, and then it will not be lost, but lay'd out to Advantage; if you desire to be my Husband, I'll be your Wife: But in order to this there are certain Preliminaries to be settled; divers and sundry Articles to be agreed upon. Marriage is not a thing to be enter'd into unadvisedly, and some wise Men there are who say, It is an Affair which ought to be thought on one's whole Life. First, I must know if you are Don John de Carcamo; which if true, you must resolve, young Gentleman, to forsake your Father's House, and in exchange to come and live with us; you must put on the Habit of a Gypsie, and go through a State of Probation in our Schools for the space of two Years, in which time we shall see whether our Humours Sympathise; and if after this we find our selves made for one another, we may unite our Destinies by the sacred Tye of Hymen, but till then you shall consider me as a Sister and no other: The Terms are a little hard I must own, but we cannot take too many Precautions in the Business of Matrimony. You may, for your comfort, consider; that in this time of Tryal, you will perhaps recover your Sight, which at present may be lost, or at least very much disturb'd; and you may chance to perceive that it is your true Interest to shun what you now so eagerly pursue; and regaining your Liberty by a timely Repentance, may forgive your self the false Step you had made. If upon these Conditions you are willing

to Lift your self under our Banners, you are free to do it, and shall be welcome; but failing in any one Point, you touch not a Finger of mine.

Don John, who gave an attentive Ear to all these things, look'd as if he was Planet-struck; and with his Eyes upon the Ground, seem'd to be at a loss what Answer to make; which Preciosa taking notice of, I perceive, continu'd she, that you are frightn'd at so strange a Proposition; but I am very desirous you should take time to determine your self; neither is it an affair of so little moment, as that it ought or can be resolv'd on in those few that are before us. Go Home, Sir, take my Advice, examine your self well, do nothing rashly: A wise Man ought to make no work for Repentance. In the mean time you may speak with me all the Holy-Days, in this Place, either in our going to Town, or coming from it, now I please.

To which the Gentleman answer'd, When first it was the Will of Heaven to dispose me to love Preciosa, I form'd a Resolution to have no other Mind but Hers; tho' I never could have conceiv'd she would have expected from me any such Compliance as this; but since it is thy Plesure, my charming Preciosa, to command so signal an Instance of my Obedience, from this Moment reckon me a Gypsie; Exact from me all the Proofs you think fit; tho' a hundred times more difficult, you shall always find me to be what I profess. You have nothing

thing to do but to fix the time when I shall begin to change my Condition of Life, and you cannot command it sooner than I wish in: I will take the pretence of going into *Flanders*, as my Father has long desir'd I should; and by this means I shall have an opportunity of furnishing my self with what Mony may be necessary: I shall not be above Eight Days at most in getting ready my Equipage; after which I will set forward, and shall find a Way so well to deceive those who may accompany me, that I shall easily bring about my design. The only thing which I conjure you to grant me, my lovely *Preciosa*, (if I may already dare to ask any Favour) is, that, after this Day, (wherein you may inform your self of my Birth and Quality,) you will go no more to *Madrid*; because I would not methinks leave it to Chance, or to any Opportunity (of which there are too many in that Place,) to rob me of the Blessing which is so dear to me. A little Jealousie sits well on a Lover, answer'd *Preciosa*, but he ought also to have some Confidence. Be assur'd, whatever you see by me, I shall never take so much Liberty as to give you any real cause to apprehend it should degenerate into Licentiousness. I am very sensible that when I shall have reason to cease loving you, I can never love any other.

Good God, how like an Angel the Girl talks! cry'd the Old Trot, how sensible, how pertinent!

The LITTLE GYPSIE. 31

pertinent! A Master of Arts is a Fool to her! Where a devil did'st a' learn so many things? Love, Jealousie, Confidence, and what not? like a Person posselt, who talks Latin without knowing the Chris-cross-row.

Preciosa fell a laughing at her Grannum's Simplicity, and told her she would have her to know, that all this was nothing to what she had in *Petto*.

Preciosa's Wit and good Sence, were Fuel to the Fire which burnt in the Breast of the enamour'd Cavalier. To make short, they resolv'd all three to meet again in the same Place that Day Se'nnight; When *Don John* should give an Account of the State of his Affairs; And *They* should declare whether they were satisfied of the Truth of what he had told 'em.

Before he left 'em, the Old Gypsie open'd the Purse, and convinc'd her self, with her own Eyes, of the Real Presence of the hundred Crowns. *Preciosa* was for returning the Money and keeping the Purse; which was richly Embroider'd: *Pray be Quiet* (says the Old Crack) *the Girl's a Fool sure with all her Wisdom. Can a Man give a better Sign of surrendering himself, than by delivering up his Arms? what's free'r than Gift? Let the Occasion be what it will, 'twas always the mark of a generous Temper. Heav'n will not help them, that won't help themselves. Every Man for himself.*

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himself, and God for us all, say I. You forget, Preciosa, that We are Gypsies, to whom all Ages have given the Title of Provident and Industrious; And the Name shall never be the worse for my wearing. Wou'd you have me despise a 100 Crowns my Dear; and in Gold too? which will lye in the Placket of an Old Petticoat not worth two Pence, as snug and as warm as One that has an Estate in the Meadows of † Estremadura. Then again, if any of our Children or Fraternity, shou'd meet with a Mischance, to fall into the Hands of Justice, or so: Can one have better Friends than These, to recommend us to the Favour of a Recorder, or mollifie the hard Heart of a Constable? Three times in my Life, for three several Crimes, have I been upon the Point* of mounting the Ass. A Silver Bason brought me off the first; a Pearl-Necklace the second; and the third Time, I was forc'd to part with some Ready Rhino. Consider, my Dear, 'tis a very ticklish Trade We follow, full of Stumbling-blocks, and forc'd Puts; and there cannot be a surer Protection than the invincible Arms of the Grand Philip. There is no passing the Ne Plus Ultra of these Hercules Pillars. A double headed Ducatoon spreads Joy upon the Melancholy Phiz of an Un-

† Estremadura: A most Fruitfull Province in Spain, particularly for Pasture.

* In Spain they set Offenders upon an Ass, where they Whip 'em.

der-Sheriff, and the other Ministers of Death; who are the Blood-suckers and Bone-pickers of us poor Gypsies. They'd rather have the plucking of our Feathers, a thousand Times, than those of a Highwayman: What ever Disasters we meet with, how Miserable soever we appear, we can never gain the Credit of being thought Poor; they say we are like || Jack-Frenchman's Doublet, all torn and greasie, but well wadded with Pistoles. For God-sake, Mother, ha' Done! reply'd, Preciosa: What a threading of Arguments is here, in favour of, My Child keep Money in thy Purse? Prithee keep 'em, and be quiet; and much good may't do you with 'em; may you carry 'em to the Grave with you, say I; nor may they ever return to see the Light, nor you ever have Occasion they shou'd! But this is not all; We must give our Companions some share of 'em, they have waited for us a long Time, and may be uneasy. They shall see these hundred Crowns, (reply'd the Hag,) as much as they see the Great Turk at this present speaking. But there's a remedy for all things. This good Gentleman, will look if he has no Silver or Copper-pieces left to bestow among 'em; A little thing will content Them. He reply'd, he had some

|| *Gavachos*: A contemptuous Name for the French; commonly us'd in Spain. Deriv'd, 'tis thought by some, from the Word *Gabali*, a People about Narbonne in France and corruptly *Gavache*.

about

about him, and took out of his Pocket four or five *Reals* and gave 'em among the Gypsies; which made 'em as Uppish as the Composer of a Piece of Prize Musick, when he bears away the Bell from the rest of the Putters in. After the Distribution of the Money, *Don John* once more taking aside the Old Woman and *Preciosa*, repeated his Promise of being One of *Them*; they agreed to call him *Andrew*, a common Name among the Gypsies, after which he took his leave of 'em; but he did not dare to Embrace or Salute *Preciosa*. So respectful was the Love he had for her. *Andrew*, for we shall now call him by that Name, leaving his Soul behind him, return'd to the Town; as did the Gypsies soon after, the happiest Creatures in the World with this Adventure. *Preciosa* being something Touch'd (more thro' Good Nature than Love) at the agreeable disposition of *Andrew*, long'd already to inform her self if he was what he pretended. They were got into *Madrid*, and after crossing a Street or two; She happen'd to light on the young Page, that gave her the Verses and the Crown. As soon as he cast Eye on her, he came up, and after he had Wellcom'd her to Town, and all that, Askt if she had Read those Stanzas he gave her the other Day? Before I give you a Word of Answer, reply'd, *Preciosa*, you must tell me one Truth. With all my Heart

said he, tho' it cost me my Life, I would not dissemble in the least. Why then, cry'd she, by the Life of her you Love best, are you peradventure a Poet? To which he answer'd, There were so few who deserv'd the Name of Poet, that he cou'd safely say he was not One; but to speak Truth, he lov'd Poetry; and that when he had Occasion for Verses, he neither beg'd nor borrow'd from other People; adding, that those he had giv'n her, were his own, as well as those he still design'd to give her; yet for all this continu'd he, I am no Poet, and God forbid I ever shou'd! Is it so sad a thing then to be a Poet? reply'd She: Not so neither, said he; but to be a Poet and nothing else, I don't hold that to be over Good. Poetry ought to be us'd like a Precious Jewel, whose Owner do's not bring it forth every Day, nor shews it to all People, nor in all Places; but only now and then, when it stands with Decency and Reason. Poetry is a most beautiful Damsel, Chast, Virtuous, Witty Reserv'd, a Lover of Solitude, and continent to the highest pitch of Discretion.

Yet for all this, reply'd *Preciosa*, I have heard that Poets are extreemly Poor, and next Kin to Beggars. Rather the Reverse; reply'd he: There are no Poets but what are Rich, because they are always Contented. Excellent Philosophy, to which few Men attain! it should seem as if the Universe

36 The LITTLE GYPSIE.

Universe was only Created for *them*. The Fountains Entertain 'em; The Meadows Divert 'em; The Flowers Rejoice 'em; The Trees Refresh 'em. They take a Pleasure in every thing; the only true Riches, to which all Men ought to aspire! In fine, Poetry *Delights* and *Instructs* all those who are acquainted with it. But wherefore is it, *Preciosa*, that you ask me this Question? Because, says she, imagining all or most Poets to be Poor, I was surpris'd to see a piece of Gold inclos'd in the Verses you gave me; and for that Reason, I very much doubted whether you were the Author of 'em: However being now satisfied that you are no Poet, tho' a Lover of Poetry, It may be you are Rich; tho' to tell you the Truth, I have some doubt on me as to that too; for in short no Person that makes Verses, good or bad, knows how to preserve the Estate that's left him, or to acquire an Estate to leave to others; at least this is what People say. I am not one of that Number, reply'd he: I make Verses, yet am neither Rich nor Poor; In a Word, I can, without incommoding my self, or discounting it as the Citizens of *Genoa* do when they Treat their Guests, I can at any time give a Crown piece or two to whom I Please. Then presenting a Paper, he desir'd her to accept of it, and the Crown that was in it, without troubling her self, whether

he

he was a Poet or no; adding, I only beg
 you wou'd be perswaded that he who makes
 you this Present, wishes he were Master
 of the Wealth of *Midas*; that he might lay
 it at your Feet. With that he gave her a
 Paper: *Preciosa* feeling it and finding there
 was a Crown-piece within it; this Paper,
 says she, is like to Live many Years, because
 it is endu'd with two Souls; that of the
Crown, and that of the *Verses*; which always
 come well-fraught with Souls and Hearts;
 but let me tell you, I don't care for so many of
 'em together; if you will not with-draw the
 one, I shall not meddle with the other; as a
 Maker of *Verses* I accept of you, but not as
 a Maker of *Presents*. I will have none of
 your Crowns; that wou'd be the World
 turn'd upside down; 'tis for Poets to Re-
 ceive and not to Give: Take back your
 Money, and thereby we shall make a lasting
 Friendship; because, be it never so strong,
 it may sooner want a Crown, than a Copy
 of Verses. Since you will have it so, re-
 ply'd the Young Man, and I must be Poor,
 whether I will or no, I'll take it and Re-
 ligiously preserve it all my Life, for having
 toucht your fair Hands. *Preciosa* accord-
 ingly gave it him, and kept the Verses her-
 self; but wou'd not Read them in the
 Street. The young Man retir'd, extreemly
 well satisfied with the Thought that the
 Fair Gypsie had a Regard for him; be-
 cause

cause she had talkt to him with so much
 Familiarity. *Preciosa's* Design being to find out *Andrew's*
 Lodging as soon as possible; she did not
 stop any where to Dance, but quickly got
 into the Street where she wish'd to be,
 and casting up her Eyes on all Sides, at
 length she perceiv'd a fine gilt Iron work
 Balcony, according to the Description *Andrew*
 had giv'n her: There was standing at
 it a Cavalier of about Fifty Years of Age,
 bearing a Red Cross on his Habir; by
 which Mark, and his grave Presence, she
 easily judg'd him to be some considerable
 Person. The Moment he perceiv'd the
 Little Gypsie, she cried out to bid em come
 up, and that they should be gratified to their
 Content: Upon hearing this, Three more
 Cavaliers repair'd to the Balcony, and a-
 mong em *Andrew*, who could not forbear
 changing Colour several times; so great
 was his Surprize, occasion'd by the Sight of
 his dear *Preciosa*. All the Gypsies went up,
 except the Old Woman, who staid below
 to inform her self by the Servants con-
 cerning *Andrew's* Circumstances. As the
 young Gypsies were entering into a Hall
 where the Company was, the ancient
 Cavalier could not forbear saying to the
 rest, This young Girl (pointing to *Preciosa*)
 is doubtless the Pretty Gypsie, who makes so
 much Noise, and of whom so many Won-
 ders

ders are reported. The same, (cry'd Andrew) and without exaggerating, the most beautiful Creature the World ever saw! So they say who flatter me, reply'd Preciosa, (over-hearing 'em) but People must needs have very bad Eyes, or else be mistaken in one half of the just Price. By the Life of my Boy Joanico, (reply'd the Old Gentleman) thou art a thousand times handsomer than they represented thee, and yet my Sight is pretty good too, thank God. And who, pray, is this Joanico you speak of? said Preciosa. 'Tis the young Spark thou seest at thy Elbow (said the Father, pointing to Andrew). In good truth Sir, reply'd Preciosa, I thought you had sworn by the Life of some little Infant about two Years Old. Your Boy Joanico is a goodly Child, God bless him, and big enough for a Wife; it is high time he had one; and by certain Lines in his Forehead, before he's three Years Older he will have one, if he don't change his Mind. Why, art thou skill'd in Physiognomy, says one of the Gentlemen? What I see with my Eyes, reply'd she, I divine with my Finger. I know this of Don Joanico, without looking into his Hand, that he is something Amorous, a little Hasty, and very Jealous; a great promiser of things that seem impossible; and God grant he be not a Story-teller, which would be worse than all the rest; He will very suddenly undertake a long Voyage, but we don't always hit the Mark we

aim at: the Bay Horse thinks one thing, and he that Saddles him another: Man appoints, and God disappoints: Endeavouring to go over to * Onex, he may fall into the Hands of Gamboa. Really Child, answer'd Don John, thou hast hit on a great many Circumstances of my Condition, except that one relating to my Veracity; There you are very much out, for I value my self upon speaking Truth on all Occasions: As for the Voyage you mention, you Prophecie right, since 'tis certain within these four or five Days I shall set out for Flanders, notwithstanding you threaten me that I shall take another Road; And I would not for all the Treasures of the Indies, thy Predictions should prove true. Fear nothing, little Master, (reply'd Preciosa) only trust in God and all will go well; sure you don't imagine that every thing a Gypsie says, is to be taken Literally; we know no more of the matter than other People; we never speak but at random; no Wonder, when we discharge so many Balts, we sometimes shoot true: I wish I could perswade you not to go your Journey at all; but to compose your Passions, and continue

* Onex y Gamboa, the Names of two Parties in Biscay, which stood in Competition many Years, till suppress'd by King Henry IV. of Castile. Thence the Proverb, O Sois Onex o Gamboa, Be either of one side or t'other.

with

with your Parents, to give them a good Old Age, for I don't like these goings and comings to Flanders, especially in Persons of Your tender Years: Give your self time, to grow a little, that you may be able to bear the Toils of War; so much the rather, as having enough of That at Home; your Breast is sufficiently disturb'd with Amorous Combats: Moderate the Disorders of your Mind, Look before you Leap, and give the poor Gypsies something as you are a Gentleman, for such I really believe you to be; and if besides this you are a true Man, I will sing Te Deum Laudamus. Thou speak'st very well (reply'd Don John, alias Andrew) and I thank thee for thy good Counsel, but I cannot help complaining of one thing; you still renew the Attack as to my Sincerity; you believe me to be a Liar, whereas I hate the Vice, and think it unworthy of every Man, especially of one who makes Profession of Arms: The Promise I make in the Country will I perform in the City, or where the Party pleases, without being importun'd. Promise therefore to give us something, reply'd she, 'tis better to give than to receive; He that gives to the Poor, puts his Mony into God's Purse, and only lends it to him who hath made both Rich and Poor. My Father, reply'd he, will give thee something; but in good truth, I cannot. Happening to meet this Morning with some Ladies, as Flattering as they were

E Fair,

Fair, especially one of them, I parted with all my Mony amongst them, without taking their Bond for repayment. Let me dye, (says *Christina*, who was retir'd with two other Gypsies into a corner of the Hall where they sew'd their Mouths together, that they might not be heard,) let me dye if it be not the same Gentleman that gave us Mony this Morning; but don't let us take any notice of him, unless he speaks to us first; perhaps there may be some Mystery in it. I don't think 'tis the same (reply'd one of the Gypsies) because he says he gave his Mony to *Ladies*, and we are far from being such; besides, so sincere as he professes to be, 'tis not likely he would tell a Lie the next Moment, and without any Necessity. It is true, all Men are Liars, answer'd *Christina*, nor is it a Vice that stands 'em in much; but I don't think a Lie so great a Crime, if it tends not to any Person's Prejudice, but rather to the Advantage and Credit of him that speaks it. But this is no Concern of ours; for all their fine Compliments, I don't see we are like to get any thing here: They don't think of calling for a Dance.

By this time the Old Woman was come up, and running to *Preciosa*, bad her dispatch, 'twas late, there were a great many things to be done, and more to be said. Why what has God sent us, a Boy

or a Girl? said *Preciosa*. A Boy, says she, and the bravest Boy the Sun ever shone on! Hark ye *Preciosa*, one Word with you; Such News—*Pray God it don't dye in the Month*, says *Preciosa*. All will go well, reply'd the Old Woman, the Mother has had a very good Time on't, the Sweetest Babe! Any Lady of your Society brought red Bed, Pray? says *Don John's Father*. Yes Sir, answer'd the Old Gypsie; but 'tis so great a Secret, that no Body knows it, except *Preciosa*, my self, and one more; and we must not discover it. Prithee don't frighten thy self, Old Woman, says one of the Gentlemen, we don't desire to know any of your By-blow Secrets; but she must needs have a happy time on't, that puts her Honour into such Hands as yours. Why, we an't all bad, answer'd *Preciosa* with a disdainful Air; neither are we perhaps the Women you take us for; there may be some among us who stand as much on their Honour, as the stateliest Spaniard in this Hall; come Mother let's be gone, we are mistaken in our Men as They in their Women; perhaps 'tis because we have Stole nothing. Don't be angry *Preciosa*, said the Father, the Gentleman had only a Mind to be Merry, he has no Reason to suspect any ill thing of you; your Face is sufficient Security for your Actions. By the Mass thou shalt not go till thou hast

Danc'd with thy Companions: I have got a Pistole for thee with two Heads; neither of which is like Thine, tho' they are Crown'd ones. The Old Woman no sooner heard this, but, *Come Girls*, says she, *Uptails all; away with it, and give the Gentlemen content.* *Preciosa* had no need to be bid twice; so taking her Tabour in Hand, the Gypsies fell to't immediately, and whim'd it off with a frisk and a bound, and a trip from the ground. In short, they danc'd so very well, especially *Preciosa*, that their Feet ran away with the Eyes of all the Beholders: *Andrew* especially had his so fix'd between *Preciosa's*, as if it had been the Centre of his Happiness; but his Joy was soon disturb'd by a little Accident which fell out when they had done dancing. *Preciosa* chanc'd to let fall the Paper of Verses the young Page had given her; it was presently taken up by the Gentleman that had the ill Opinion of the Gypsies, who opening it, what have we here, said he, a *Madrigal*? even so, and a pretty good one too, if the end answers the beginning; come, we'll hear what it says, since the Gypsies have giv'n over Dancing. *Preciosa* could have wish'd with all her Soul he would have return'd it to her without reading, because she did not know what it might contain; but all her Endeavours to get it out of his Hand, were

The LITTLE GYPSIE. 45

were as so much Oyl that inflam'd *Andrew's* Desire to hear it Read ; and Read it was with a loud Voice by the Gentleman who took it up ; the Lines were these,

*Quando Preciosa el panderete toca,
Hiere, &c.*

ON PRECIOSA.

I.

*When her soft Touch the Lute commands,
Or wounds the Air her Song ;
'Tis Pearl, she scatters with her Hands ;
And Roses, with her Tongue.*

II.

*Wisdom she holds in sweet suspense,
Nor soars it from her Sigh ;
The Soul is captive made to Sense,
And Gravity grows light.*

III.

*Her two bright Suns, the World at once
Illuminate and Blind ;
Cupid his Empire do's renounce,
And S H E rules all Mankind.*

Upon my Soul, cry'd the Gentleman that read the Sonnet, whoever writ this, was no ill Poet. He is no Poet, Sir, says *Preciosa*, but a very pretty young Gentleman and of a good Estate. † Ah, heedless Man!

† The Author Speaks.

cc What

" What has thy Rashness done? Thy every
 " Word's a Stab to *Andrew's* Heart. Turn
 " thee, and glut thy Eyes with thy Tongue's
 " Mischiefs. In the cold Arms of Death
 " behold him fainting ! Yet if thy cruel
 " Breast knows ought of Pity, Fly, and
 " with gentle Whispers call back Life, And
 " heal with balmy Words his wounded
 " Soul. No, rather every Day procure
 " new Sonnets in Honour of thy Charms:
 " Let *Andrew* hear 'em; Loud as the Thun-
 " der sound 'em in his Ears; Then to com-
 " plete his Ruin, Praise thy Praiser !

So said, so done ; every Word of the
 Song was a Sword in *Andrew's* Heart, from
 the first Verse to the last ; a Thousand
 jealous Transports seiz'd him ; but when
 he heard *Preciosa's* Commendation of the
 Donor, he sweat Blood and Water ; and
 being no longer able to hold out, drop'd
 down upon the Floor Speechless ; which
 alarm'd all the Company, especially his
 Father, who lov'd him with the utmost
 tenderness. Fear nothing, says *Preciosa*,
 stay a little, and let me speak some certain
 Words over him, and you'll see he'll soon
 recover ; I have an infallible Remedy a-
 gainst these sort of Fits. So taking him by
 the Hand, and without seeming to move
 her Lips, but speaking as low as possible,
 You're a stout Man indeed, says she, to
 make a Gypsie of ! How canst thou ever
 hear

bear the torment of a Rack, that canst not endure this of a Paper? After which she made half a Dozen Crosses on his Breast and left him. *Andrew* in a Moment began to breathe again, and declar'd that the Little Gypsie's Words (whatever they were) had done him good. Upon this, the Pistole with two Heads was given her, and she told the rest of her Companions it should be chang'd and share'd honourably among 'em. *Andrew's* Father stopping *Pre- cisfa*, would not let her go till she had left in writing the Charm she had pronounc'd upon his Son, that he might make use of it upon occasion. The Little Gypsie was something surpriz'd, but making a Virtue of Necessity, answer'd, she would do't with all her Heart; adding, that tho' it might seem Jargon to *them*, yet as ridiculous as it was, it had a singular Virtue against Qualms, Fits of the Mother, Swimmings in the Head, and the like. The Words were these she told 'em,

Cabezita, Cabezita,

La paciencia te bendita, &c.

*P*RIETEE don't disturb thy Brain,

That pretty little Pericrane;

Subject to Monthly Revolution,

Hurt by Cunabular Confusion:

Let not the Hippo Womaniize ye,

Things you'll see that will surprize ye.

*According to the Star's Appearance,
You'll reap the Fruit of Perseverance;
In the mean time, may God that made ye,
And Christopher the Gyant, aid ye!*

A few of these Words pronounc'd with a good Intention (adds she) and a strong Belief, together with half a dozen Crosses upon the left side of the Patient, will make him colour like an Apple. The Old Woman who was in terrible Fear, lest *Preciosa* should have fal'n into some Confusion upon this Accident, was no less surpriz'd, tho' more agreeably, at the extempore Thought of the Girl; but *Andrew* was much more so, when he saw that it was all the Invention of her ready Wit.

The Gypsies after this, pack'd up their Awls to be gone; but *Preciosa* left the Song in his Hands who read it; to avoid giving *Andrew* any occasion of Relapse; for by what had happen'd, she saw that Jealousie was a most dreadful thing, and it had been great Imprudence to have carry'd it away with her. The last Man that *Preciosa* took her leave of, was *Don John*, to whom she said with an agreeable Smile, Remember, Sir, every Day of this Week will be prosperous to undertake a Journey upon, Not any one of them unlucky; make what haste you can to be gone, for if you love to live at large, in Freedom and Pleasure, such a Life you may expect. The Life of a Soldier in my Opini-

on,

on, answer'd *Don John*, is not so free, but that it has more in it of Subjection than Liberty ; but come what will come, I'll see the worst on't. You'll see more than you imagine, reply'd *Preciosa*, and in the mean time all Happiness attend you. Render not your self unworthy, by your Negligence, of the Felicity and Glory that is laid up for you ; but concurr with Heav'n which Favours you, and make your self the most fortunate of Men.

These Words, gave *Don John* infinite Delight ; The Gypsy had spoken them without Equivocation : And 'twas with difficulty he conceal'd his Satisfaction. Every Body was very well content, and especially the Gypsies, who soon afterwards made a Dividend of the Pistole, according to their ancient Practice ; that is to say, the Old Woman reserv'd half for her self, and a Portion of the other half, as well upon account of her Seniority in Years, as because she was the Compass they steer'd by in the great Sea of their Dances, their Juggling Tricks, Witty Contrivances, and Sly Impositions. They were no sooner gone, but the Amorous *Don John*, who felt but little Joy without *Preciosa*, began in good earnest to set about the Design he had form'd of Entering among the Gypsies, to render himself by that Sacrifice, worthy of Possessing his Lovely *Preciosa*. At length came the Day, that he had Promis'd to meet

F em,

'em, and accordingly he repair'd to the Place of Appointment; all alone, on a hire'd Mule. *Preciosa* and the Old Woman did not fail to be there, and receiv'd him with a thousand Expressions of true Affection. He desir'd 'em to Conduct him immediately into their Quarters before it was broad Day, for fear of being Discover'd by any Foot-steps, (if he shou'd chance to be pursued) which wou'd be the greatest Misfortune that cou'd befall him. So they all three turn'd about, and soon reacht the rest of the Company; who were encamp'd under some Barracks cover'd with Leaves. *Andrew* was carried to one of the best and largest, where he was immediately attended by Ten or Twelve Male Gypsies, all Jolly handsome young Fellows, to whom the Old Woman had given an Account of their new Companion before-hand, without being oblig'd to enjoyn 'em Secresie; because, as has been said, Their Fidelity to one another is without Example. These Merry Blades had their Eyes as soon on the Mule as the Master, and one of 'em immediately Said, There's no Impertinence in this Mule, she'll soon meet with a Chapman; we'll sell her next *Thursday* at *Toledo*. That must not be, reply'd *Andrew*, she's a Hire'd Mule, and there's ne'er a Rascal of a Jockey in all *Spain*, but knows this sort of Cattle which are hackney'd all over the Country. My Interest

is too much at Stake to have her Discover'd. By G——d, Signior *Andrew*, replies one of 'em briskly, tho' the Beast had more Signs and Tokens on her, than are to preceed the Day of Judgement, I will so Transform her, that neither the Dam that brought her into the World, nor the Master who bred her, shall ever know her again. No matter for that, said *Andrew*, I desire you wou'd let me have my Will the first Time: This Mule must Suffer present Death, and be Buried so deep that the very Bones of her may never appear. O sad! reply'd one of the Gypsies, and what has the Poor Creature done? are the Innocent to be thus Destroy'd? Who has made Us her Executioners? Do such Crimes go unpunished? Pray be more Merciful, and let not this poor Beast give you any Disrurbance; View her well; observe her narrowly; imprint in your Memory all the Marks that are upon her, from Head to Tail; then leave her to me; and if in this Time two Hours you know her again, may I be bast'd like a run-away Negro; 'tis not the first Time I've Metamorphiz'd a Mule. I dont doubt it in the least, said *Andrew*; yet will I not consent to let her Live, tho' you cou'd transform her never so much; the Dye is cast; you may talk and promise what you please; Safe's the Word, and I'm resolv'd to provide for my own Security: For after all, who can tell

but there are others as cunning as you, who may have the Secret to restore her to her former Shape? No, no, the Wise never run such risques: But I perceive where the Shoe pinches; if this Mule Dyes, as Dye she shall, why then she will never be sold; and if she's never sold, you can't lick your fingers with the Profits of her: This is your Grievance; this is what raises your Compassion, and fills you with such Moral Reflections. Come, come, you shall lose nothing by it, my good Friends and Companions; never fear; I am not come among you so bare, but I can pay my Entrance above four Times the value of this Mule. I say, let her Dye, (cry'd another Gypsie of a sudden, and as loud as he cou'd Bawl,) she *must* Dye sooner or later; we shan't be the first Judges that have condemn'd the Innocent for Money; though it grieves my Heart, God knows, as well upon account of her Youth, the Mark not being yet out of her Mouth, (a rare thing in hir'd Mules,) as because she must needs be a willing Tit; I dont see any Spur-galls in her Flank. Every Body concurring that it was not good Politicks to let the Mule live (tho' they might make Money of her,) it was resolv'd to defer Execution till Night, and employ the remainder of the Day in the Ceremonies of *Andrew's* Admission, which was done in this Manner.

They

They first and foremost empty'd one of the best Huts, of every thing that was in it; They adorn'd it with Boughs and Rushes: When the Hut was ready, they seated the new Gypsie on a piece of Cork-Tree, and put into his hand a Hammer and a pair of Pincers; two Gypsie-men taking up their Guitars fell to playing on 'em, and made him cut a couple of Capers to the sound of the Instruments; after this, they stript one of his Arms up to the Shoulder, and with a new Silk Ribbon and a little packing-stick, they bound it twice round pretty tight; but without hurting him. All this was perform'd in the presence of *Preciosa*, and many more of her Sex both Old and Young; some looking on him with Wonder and others with Love, such was the Agreeable Air and Gracefull Mien of *Andrew*. These and the like Ceremonies being over, the oldest Man of the Company taking *Preciosa* by the hand, went and plac'd himself with her, just before the young Knight, to whom he made the following Speech.

This Girl, who is the Flower and Cream of all the Gypsies in Spain, we deliver to thee; either for a Wife or Mistress, as you shall think fit. 'Tis the peculiar Privelege of our Life, to be exempt from the Niceties and Troublesome Ceremonies to which the rest of Mankind are Subject, when they enter into any Engagement. Look therefore on Preciosa; view her with at-

tention ; and see if she be agreeable to you, or
 whether she has any Fault that may dissatisfy
 you ; and in case you find any, cast your Eyes
 round the Company, take your Choice ; and to
 whom thou giv'st the Apple, Her shalt thou have :
 But know this, that when you have fixt on One,
 you must not leave her for another ; you must
 abide by your Election, and be Content with
 your Destiny : The Laws of Friendship we in-
 violably keep ; no Man covets what another
 possesses ; and thus 'tis we live always free from the
 Plague of Jealousie. Tho' there may be much In-
 cest among us, we allow of no Adultery ; and if
 ever we detect any of our Women or find 'em
 guilty in this respect, whether she be actually a
 Wife, or a Friend in the nature of a Wife, we
 give her no quarter. Don't think that we have
 recourse to the Law, no, we do Justice our-
 selves ; we are their Judges and their Executi-
 oners : With the same ease we knock 'em o' th'
 head, and bury 'em in the Mountains and Desarts,
 as we wou'd a mad Dog, or a wild Beast. Nor
 is there any satisfaction demanded, nor any ac-
 count of their Death requir'd at our hands ; not
 even by those who brought 'em into the World.
 It is this Terror and this Apprehension that re-
 tains 'em within the bounds of Chastity ; to
 which we owe our perfect security in this par-
 ticular. There is nothing that we don't possess in
 common, except another Man's Wife, or the Mistress
 of his Choice ; it being one of our most sacred
 Rules, that such a One is Incommunicable, and
 ought

ought solely to be his to whose Lot she is fall'n. Nothing but Death or old Age, can seperate those whom Matrimony or Love has joyn'd together: In case there be too great a disproportion in Years, 'tis Lawfull to give a Letter of Divorce to an old Woman, and to chuse another more agreeable to our Taste. With these Laws and Statutes and others of the like Nature, we Preserve our selves and pass our Days in Happyness: We are Lords of the Plains, Plough'd Fields, Forrests, Hills and Rivers. The Mountains find us in Wood, the Trees give us their Fruits, the Vines their Grapes, the Gardens their Pot-Herbs: The Fountains furnish us with Water, the Rivers with Fish, the Parks with Flesh: On the Rocks we cool us, in the Clefts we shade us, and in Caverns we have House-Room for Nothing. To us the inclemencie of the Weather is an Airing, the Snow is our Refreshment, our Bagnio is the Rain, Thunder our Musick, and Lightning our Illumination. To us the hardest Terrace is a Quilt of Down; the Tunn'd hide of our Bodies is an Impenetrable Armour. To our Activity, Fetters are no restraint, Bogs no hindrance, nor Stone-Walls any Defence. Our Courage is not Choak'd with Halters, nor broke by the Wheel, nor drown'd with Water, nor tame'd by Tenter-hooks. Between Ay and No, We never distinguish when we find it necessary. We may be sometimes Martyrs, but never Confessors. For us, Beasts of Burden are rear'd in the Country, and Purseres fill'd in the City: There is no Eagle or other

Bird of Rapine, more swiftly darts on the prey that offers, than we do upon all Occasions, where our Interest points the Game. And to Conclude, we have it always in our Power to be Happy, for when we're Cage'd We Sing, and are silent when Tortur'd. By Day we do some little Work for Countenance; by Night we steal all we can for Sustenance; or to use a better Phrase, We teach People to take care where they put their Goods. We are not Tormented with the fear of losing our Honour, nor gnawn with the Ambition of increasing it; We do not support Factions, nor break our Rest to deliver in Memorials; or to attend great Lords, or to sollicite any Favours. Our Palaces are these portable Pavilions; nor is there any thing comparable to the Ornaments of these Moveable Houses. Instead of fine Pictures and Artfull Landskips, We enjoy the Beauties which Nature herself displays. These High-archt Rocks, these Snow-white Cliffs, these Carpet-fields, these enamell'd Meadows, these venerable Woods, are far beyond the guilt Cielings and sumptuous Furniture, invented by the ridiculous Pride and Effeminate Softness of Mankind.

We are Country Astrologers; because lying under the Canopy of Heaven at all Hours, we know those of the Day, and those of the Night: We see how the Stars are coop'd up in a Corner, and Dissipated by Aurora; and how she comes forth with her Companion the Dawn, sweetning the Air, cooling the Water, moistning the Earth: And next to them the Sun, guilding the

the tops, and painting the Skirts of the Mountains, (as the Poets Phrase it :) Neither do we fear being frozen by his Absence, nor broild by his more immediate Presence. We turn the same Face to the Sun as to the Snow ; to Barrenness as to Abundance ; In short, we are a People who pick up a living by our Beak and Talons. Our Industry is our Plough ; our Estate from Hand to Mouth ; taken up with the present, without troubling our selves for the future ; we look upon all things with Indifference, and resign our selves to our Stars ; avoiding (as the old Proverb says) the Church, the Sea, and the Court. We possess what we Desire, and are content with what we possess. I have enlarg'd on this Subject, that you might not be Ignorant what Life 'tis you're to lead. I have only scrawl'd out a foul Draught of it in haste ; but with Time you'll discover several other things, which will be no less worthy of consideration than those you have heard.

Having said this, the Old Eloquent Gypsie fate him down, and the Novice answer'd, " That he was so extreamly well
 " pleas'd with the many sage Constitu-
 " tions he had mention'd, all founded on
 " right Reason and excellent Politicks, that
 " nothing troubl'd him but his not ha-
 " ving sooner come to the Knowledge of
 " so agreeable a Life ; that he renounc'd
 " from thenceforward the Profession of
 " Knighthood ; that he submitted with his
 " whole Heart to their Laws ; that he would
 " ob-

“ observe them religiously ; that he
 “ should never think he did too much for
 “ them, since they had given to his Desires
 “ so high a Recompence as the Divine
 “ *Preciosa* ; for whose sake he would quit
 “ all the Crowns and Empires in the World ;
 “ or if he was Master of them, would con-
 “ secrate them to her Service. Upon which
Preciosa broke silence, If these Gentlemen our
 Legislators, says she, have found by their Laws
 that I am Yours, and as such have deliver'd me
 to you, I have found by the Law of my Will,
 which is the strongest of all, that I cannot be
 yours, but upon those Conditions which were
 agreed on before you came hitber. Two Years
 you must live in our Company before you can
 enjoy Mine, that You may have no Cause to ac-
 cuse your self of Rashness, nor I run the risk
 of being abus'd by over-hastiness. Laws must
 give way to Contracts. What I've impos'd, you
 know ; which if you keep, I may be one Day
 yours and you mine. 'Tis a tedious Trial, but
 necessary. It belongs to you to determine your
 self ; 'tis still in your Power to accept the Con-
 dition, or to reject it, if it seem too hard. You
 are as yet free, your Mule is not dead, your
 Cloaths are intire, nor is there a Farthing want-
 ing of your Money. You have not been absent a
 Day ; the remainder you may employ in consider-
 ing what is fitting for you to do ; but you shall not
 possess me upon any other Terms. If these Rulers
 could give thee my Body, they cannot my Soul,
 which

which is free, was born free, and shall be free so long as I please. If thou stayst with us, I shall hold thee in much Esteem; if thou return'st, I shall hold thee in no less. For, to do every Body Justice, there's a great deal to be said for and against this Enterprise. But what should I do? I am Nice upon the matter, 'tis true; but you ought not to disapprove this Nicety, if you have a real Affection. All Passions are violent, as I've said before, especially Love, which runs full Gallop till it meets with Reason or better Information: I don't desire you should deal by me like a Hunter, who when he has caught the Hare he pursu'd, leaves it to follow another that flys him: Some Eyes are so deceiv'd, they take Tinsel for Gold; but in a little time, they perceive the Difference there is between Truth and Falshood. This Beauty which you say I'm endu'd with, and which you prize above the Sun, and value above Gold; may, if you come near it, appear dark, or fall into meer Alehymy. Two Years I give you, that you may weigh and consider what it may be proper for you to do, or reasonable to refuse: In treating for such Merchandise as nothing but Death can rid us of, the Purchaser ought to have Time, and a great deal too to view it and review it, in order to find out the Faults or the Goodness of it: For I don't govern my self by the insolent and barbarous Liberty, which these my Kinsfolks have assum'd to themselves of leaving their Wives, or Chastising them when
they

they shall take a fancy to't : And as on the one side, I don't intend to do anything that may call for Punishment, so neither do I desire to take part with such Company as shall cast me off for their Pleasure. 'Tis true, there are some Married People who love one another till Death ; there are eternal Friendships ; but it must be own'd at the same time that they are only durable, as they are founded upon Esteem : Love alone can never effect it. I desire to love thee, I desire you shou'd love me ; but I desire we shou'd love each other in proportion as we shall find our selves worthy of being belov'd ; and we must necessarily know one another before we can arrive to That : Let us love rationally, or let us part for ever. No Preciosa, we'll never part, replies Andrew of a sudden, I resign my self intirely to you ; and the Condition you lay on me, were it a thousand times more grievous, I would undergo ; there's no manner of Security but I am ready to give thee, nor any Oath that I will not take, never to resist thy Will one Moment of my Life. The Oaths and Promises that are made by a Slave to obtain his Liberry, are seldom perform'd when his Chain is broken (says Preciosa.) It's the same with Lovers ; To enjoy what they Desire, they'll promise the most impossible things ; the Wings of Mercury, and the Thunder-bolts of Jupiter, as once a certain Poet promis'd me, and swore by the Stygian Lake. Every one promises according to his Hopes. I neither desire Oaths nor Promises,

Se-

Senior Andrew, but refer all to the Time of Tryal; and will take my own Guard on my self whenever you shall offend me. I obey, said Andrew, I obey most gladly: The only thing that I shall desire of these Gentlemen my Companions, is, that for the space of one Month it may be permitted me not to Steal any thing; Such a time of Indulgence, methinks, is necessary to form me to a Trade I understand not, and upon which it is fitting I shou'd have some Instructions.

Never trouble your self for that, Son Andrew, said the old Gypsie, We'll soon make thee Master of thy Craft, which will give thee so much Pleasure, thou'lt be ready to eat thy Fingers after it: for in short, Can there be conceiv'd in this Life any thing so sweet as to enjoy what others sweat for, without any toil of our own? To go forth in the Morning empty-handed, and to return Home in the Night loaded and full ——— Of Stripes, said Andrew, as to my Knowledge it has often happen'd to some of ye.

There's no taking of Trouts with dry Breeches, reply'd the Gypsie, All things in this Life are subject to Trouble and Danger; He that Games must lose sometimes; The Merchant is not always Lucky; Every Profession has its Perils; nor is that of a Thief exempt; but the Good of it swallows up the Bad: It sometimes leads to the Gibbet; but it commonly brings Profusion and Ease. The Misfortune of one single Man ought not to discourage all others. Because one Ship meets
with

with a Tempest and is cast away, must that hinder others from putting to Sea and prosecuting their Voyage? Wou'd it not be a good Jest, for Soldiers to renounce War, because it devours Men and Horses, and they oftner meet with Death or broken Bones than Preferment or Recompence? Shall we stand with our Hands in our Pockets and live in a state of criminal Idleness, because some among us cou'd not escape the Gallies or the Whipping-post? We are sometimes chastis'd, and pray what Order of Men is there in the World that never are? There's no dying twice, Friend Andrew, and the first Moment a Man's defunct, his Wants are reliev'd. As for tugging at the Oar, or being burnt in the Shoulder, 'tis meer Fiddle-faddle; the One we look upon as our Battoon of Command, and the other our Coat of Arms. Son Andrew, only Repose your self under our Wings, and in time (like the Eagle) we will teach thee to fly so well, that thou shalt never return without Prey, nor ever better satisfied than when thou hast taken some booty. I am willing to believe it, said Andrew; but be it as 'twill, I have good Reasons not to give my self this Pleasure so soon, and you must dispense with me for the time I have desir'd. Yet as it is not just that any Body shou'd be a loser upon my Account, I shall distribute 200 Crowns in Gold among the Company to be divided in a Brotherly manner; thereby to make amends for the Thefts, which, during that time, I might have made. The Word

Word was no sooner out of his Mouth, but he was surrounded by all the Men, who lifting him up upon their Shoulders, carry'd him as it were in Triumph with Huzzas and Shouts of Joy, *Victoria, Victoria, long Live the Great Andrew and his beloved Mistress.* The Women did the same with *Preciosa*; They all gave Marks of general Satisfaction. Only *Christina* and Two or Three more of her Companions were inwardly mortify'd; for in short, Envy creeps into every Corner, as well into the Huts of *Barbarians* and the Cottages of *Shepherds*, as into the Palaces of *Kings*.

This done, they fell to Feasting; the promis'd Sum was equitably and justly divided; the praises of *Andrew* renew'd, and the Beauty of *Preciosa* extol'd to the Skies. When Night came, they knock'd the Mule o' th' Head, and laid her so low, that *Andrew* was out of all Fear of ever being discover'd. Together with the Body they interr'd all the Accoutrements, as the Saddle, the Bridle, and Girths; after the manner of the *Indians*, who bury with the Dead all their precious Jewels, and richest Ornaments. *Andrew* was mightily surpriz'd at the things he had seen and heard. He admir'd in himself the Wit of the Gypsies; yet he determin'd to pursue his own Design, without partaking of their Vices or Mingling with their Manners. Thieving
he

64 The LITTLE GYPSIE.

he thought so base and so unworthy a thing that he lookt upon it with Horror, and he knew very well he had the Means in his Hands to excuse himself at any Time to his Companions, or at least to deceive 'em by the help of Money.

The next day, *Andrew* desir'd 'em to change their Quarters and to remove further from *Madrid*, for fear he shou'd be known in that Country; they told him, they had already determin'd to march towards the Mountains of *Toledo*, and to forage all the Land round about. Accordingly they decamp't the day after and presented *Andrew* with a Mare-Colt, which he refus'd; and went a-foot like a Lackey, walking by the side of his charming Mistress, who rid upon another. She, the most satisfy'd Creature in the World, to see how she triumph'd over her Gallant Squire, and He no less Happy to be near the Person of her whom he had made the Lady of his Will. Oh the wonderful force of Love! Thou sweet God of Bitterness! (a Title giv'n thee by Our Idleness and Supineness) How really dost thou enslave us? and with what disrespect dost thou treat us? Here's a Knight, a young Gentleman endu'd with Wit and Sense, brought up almost all his Life at Court; yesterday the Delight of his wealthy Parents, and to day behold him metamorphis'd in the strangest Manner! He has
deceiv'd

deceiv'd his Servants and Friends, disappointed *their* hope who gave him Life; quitting the road of *Flanders* where he was to Exercise his Valour, and increase the Glory of his Family, to come and prostrate himself at the feet of a Gypsie!

In four Days they were got to a little Village within two leagues of *Toledo*, where they pitcht their Tents, having first put into the Commissary's hand (who presided in that Territory) some pieces of Plate, by way of Assurance that they would not Steal any thing in the *purlieu* of his Jurisdiction.

After this, all the old Gypsies, Men and Women, and some of the young Ones, spread themselves on all sides within four or five leagues of the place, where they had set up their Standard. *Andrew* went along with two or three of the Men to take the first Lessons of his Trade; but tho' they gave him a good many in this Walk, he did not much trouble himself about remembering 'em, being resolv'd whatever should happen, never to put them in Practice; On the contrary his Soul was shock'd at sight of the least Robbery, and he more than once paid with his own Money the Theft his Comrades had committed, his Heart not being able to hold out against the Fears of infinite numbers of poor Wretches, who very often lost ev'n their Wearing-apparel.

One may well suppose the Gypsies did not relish these Methods of their New-Comer. This occasion'd a sort of a Reprimand; and in Fact 'twas no less than a Breach of their Laws and Statutes, which prohibited the Entrance of Charity into their Breasts; otherwise there was an End of their Common-wealth, and their Trade wou'd be worth nothing, if every Body follow'd his Example. *Andrew* cou'd not Say against it. He promist he wou'd A&like the Rest, but declar'd at the same Time he wou'd do his business Alone, and without any Body's Company whatever; because, he told 'em, he had Cunning enough to escape Danger, nor did he want Courage to incounter it; that it was reasonable, He who made any Prize shou'd have the Glory and Reward of it to himself; as He ought to bear the Confusion and Punishment of it, who shou'd happen to be surpriz'd and to miss of his Aim. The Gypsies endeavour'd to dissuade him from this Resolution, by telling him that a Thousand unforeseen Accidents might happen, wherein Company wou'd be necessary, as well to Offend as Defend; and that a single Person cou'd never perform any very considerable Action. For all this, *Andrew* told 'em, he was resolv'd to Rob single; his design being to separate himself from the Gang, and with his Money to buy something which he might say he had stol'n,

Stol'n, and by this means charge his Conscience with the lighter Burthen. Using this Stratagem; in less than a Month, he brought more profit to the Company, than any four of the ablest Thieves of 'em all; which was no small Pleasure to *Preciosa*, seeing her Lover so dexterous and forward at his Business: Yet still she was fearfull least some Misfortune might befall him, for she wou'd not have him in Disgrace for all the Treasure of *Venice*, so far had his many Services and Civilities oblig'd her.

The Gypsies were little more than a Month in the Neighbourhood of *Toledo*, where they made a good Harvest, tho' 'twas Fall o' th' Leaf for *Andrew*. From thence they past into *Estremadura*, it being a Rich and Warm Country. Never were Lovers better satisfied than were *Andrew* and *Preciosa* in this Expedition. *Andrew* Said a Thousand tender things to his Mistress; who by little and little grew enamour'd with the discretion and good carriage of her Lover; and his Affection in like manner continu'd encreasing (if 'twas possible to increase), such was the Prudence, Virtue, and Beauty of his *Preciosa*.

In every place thro' which they pass'd, *Andrew* bore away the prize and won all the Wagers as the best Runner and Leaper of any other; he play'd at Nine-pines and Cricket extremely well; he threw the Bar

with much Strength and singular dexterity. To conclude, his Fame soon flew all over *Estremadura*, insomuch that he was spoken of as a Prodigy: *Preciosa's* Beauty made no less Noise, than the admirable Qualities of *Andrew*; and there was no City, Town, or Village, to which they were not invited on the Publick Holy-days, or other Particular Merry-makings.

In this manner the Colony grew rich, prosperous and contented; and the Lovers happy only in looking upon one another.

It fell out soon after, that the Company having planted their Tents under some Oak Trees which were at a distance from the Road, one Night (about Midnight) they heard their Dogs Bark more violently than usual: Some of the Men went out, and with them *Andrew*, to see what was the occasion of it, and they found a young Man cloath'd in White, defending himself as well as he cou'd from those Animals, who had fall'n upon him, and fastned on one of his Legs. They soon made the Dogs quit their hold, and one of the Gypsies spoke to him after this Manner, Who in the Devil's Name art thou? and what has brought thee hither with a Horse-pox, at such an Hour, and so much out of the Way; To find something before it be lost, I warrant? if so, thou art in the wrong Box, old Boy. I am not come to Steal any thing, reply'd
the

the young Man, neither do I know whether I'm in or out of the Way, but this I know that I'm in no very good Way. All that I desire of you for the present, is to tell me if there be any Inn hereabouts, or other Place of Entertainment, where I may retire and get my Wounds drest which your Dogs have giv'n me. There's no Inn nor any thing like it nigh this Place (replies *Andrew*) but as for dressing your Wounds, and reposing your self for this Night, we will accommodate you; Come along with us; for tho' we are Gypsies, we are not so Wicked as we are Black. God return your Charity, answer'd the Unknown; carry me where you will; for the Pain which I feel is so very great I cannot walk a Step. Upon this, *Andrew* and another Gypsie took and carried him into one of their Tents. For even among Demoniacs there are some worse than others; and among many wicked Men there often happens to be one good One. So between them Two they carried him: The Moon shone bright, and they perceiv'd that he was a handsome well-made Youth, tho' equipt odly enough, being drest in white Linnen like a sort of a Frock girded about his Reins. The Pavilion they carried him to was *Andrew's*; They soon struck a Light and kind'd a Fire, and *Preciosa's* Grand-mother being sent for, presently came; she took some of the Dogs

Hairs

Hairs that bit him, fry'd 'em in Oyl, and after she had wash'd the Wound with a little Wine, she apply'd the fricassée'd Hair; and upon it a little green Rosemary she had chew'd in her Mouth: Having bound up his Leg with a few Clean Rags, she Bless'd the Wounds and made some signs of the Cross. While they were dressing him, *Preciosa* who was present look'd on him very earnestly and he did the same by her; nor did *Andrew* fail to observe the Attention with which the young Man ey'd her; but he did not take any exception at it, thinking it a thing impossible to happen otherwise; for who (says he to himself) can once have seen *Preciosa* and cease looking on her? With this they left the Youth alone to repose himself on a wad of dry Hay, and *Preciosa* taking *Andrew* aside, ask'd him if he did not remember a Paper she let fall in his House, as she was Dancing with her Companions? *Andrew* answer'd, he remembered it very well; that 'twas a Song in her Praise and no ill one. He that made it (reply'd she) is this young Man that we just now left: I am sure 'tis the very Same, for he spoke to me in *Madrid* two or three Times, and gave me an Ode which was much better than the Song: He was dress'd then like a Page, not like one of the Ordinary sort; but like a Page of Honour to some Prince. I must needs say, *Andrew*,

(con-

tinue's she) He's a very ingenious young Gentleman, talks well, has Education, and to my knowledge a great deal of Merit; but I cannot imagine what he means by coming hither and in such a dress. What can you imagine else, says *Andrew*; but that the same Constellation which transform'd me to a *Gypsie*, has turn'd him into a *Miller*, and put him upon searching for thee? Ah *Preciosa*, *Preciosa*, (continu'd he) I perceive thou art like the rest of thy Sex, who love to make Conquests and to have more Slaves than One. This *Spark* is not come hither without some Mystery; and thou hast said too much, not to be discover'd, that thy Heart is capable of being Divided; if so, make an end of *Me* first, and afterwards destroy this new Lover: Do not Sacrifice us both together at the Altar of thy *Deceitfulness*, not to say of thy *Beauty*. How ingenious People are at making themselves unhappy when they are Jealous? (cry'd *Preciosa* in some disorder) and how unfortunate is a Woman, when she meets with a Lover of thy Character! on how slender a *Thread* dost thou hang thy *Hopes* and my *Reputation*! since with so much ease thy Soul is penetrated with the cruel Sword of Jealousie? Tell me, *Andrew*, if there had been any Artifice or Deceit in all this, could I not have kept Silence and conceal'd my Knowledge of this Youth? You suspect my Sincerity,

cerity; you accuse me of Affectation and Inconstancy; and upon what Foundation? upon a Confession which ought rather to convince you of my Innocence and of the Respect I have for you? What Design could I have in making you my Confident, if there was any Myſtery in the-Matter? I conjure thee, *Andrew*, to rest ſatisfy'd till to-morrow Morning, when thou may'ſt examine him thy ſelf. It will be no difficult thing for you to learn whither he's going, and whence he comes, and the Reason of his Diſguiſe. He will, no doubt, answer you; and whatever he ſays, for your greater Satisfaction, order him immediately to depart. You are obey'd by our whole Society, nor will any one, contrary to your deſire, retain him in his Tent; and, tho' they ſhou'd, be perſwaded he ſhall never ſee my Face; I will avoid his Converſation, I will fly from him and from all others whom thou ſhalt forbid me the Sight of. Know, *Andrew*, I am not concern'd to ſee you *jealous*, but I ſhall be extremely troubl'd to ſee you *Indiſcreet*. Any Demonſtration leſs than Madneſs (reply'd he) wou'd be little or nothing to let you know the racking Pangs of Jealouſie. However I will do as you have deſir'd; and will find, if it be poſſible, whence this *Page-Poet* comes, and what he wants. Perhaps he may careleſſly ſhew me the end of ſome Thread that may lead me

to the Bottom, tho' I'm afraid (adds he with a Sigh) of being intangled, my self. Jealousie is a terrible Passion, said *Preciosa*, It is every Moment seeking new Subjects of Unquietness; it never leaves the Understanding free to judge of things as they are. They who are seiz'd with this Distemper, look always thro' a Glass, by which little things are made great, Dwarfs become Giants, and groundless Suspicions appear real Truths. For thy own sake, *Andrew*, and for mine, let me beg you to resume your former Temper, Suspend your Judgment awhile, and *Doubt* at least one Moment in *my* Favour; by this means you may satisfy your self; and I know that you will adjudge to me the Palm of Honour, Reservedness, and Truth in all respects; You will repent of your Injustice; You will feel a Thousand secret Remorses, and I find I shall be apt to pardon you; Nothing is difficult to them that Love. With this she bade him good Night, and left him, impatiently expecting Day, to take the wounded Man's Confession. In the mean time his Soul was fill'd with strange Visions, and a World of contrary Imaginations. He could not believe but that this Page was drawn thither by the Beauty of *Preciosa*: because, as they say, the Thief thinks all Men to be like himself. On the other Hand, the Satisfaction *Preciosa* had giv'n him, seem'd of

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such

Much Force as to oblige him to rest assur'd, and to leave his whole Fortune in the Hands of her Goodness. At length came Day, away flies he to visit the Youth; and after a very succinct Query of his Health, ask't him his Name, whither he was going, what made him Travel in the Night, and cross the Fields as he did? To which the other answer'd, he was better, that he was perfectly eas'd of his Pain, and in a Condition to proceed on his Journey. As for his Name, and the Place he was travelling to, he said no more, but that he was call'd *Alonzo Hurtado*, and was going to our Lady of the Rock of *France* upon Business; and to get thither the sooner, he travel'd by Night, which was the occasion of having lost his Way, and fal'n into the Clutches of their Out-guards the Dogs, that had us'd him so scurvily with a murrain to 'em. This Declaration did not seem Genuine to *Andrew*; his Jealousie began again to prick inwardly, and caus'd him to make this Answer; Friend, said he, dost thou know what I wou'd do with thee if I were thy Judge? I wou'd truss thee up without any more ado; thy very Answers wou'd hang thee: Dost thou think to fob us off so? I care not who thou art, nor what thy Name is, nor whither thou'rt going: but I advise thee, if it be convenient for thee to Lye, thou wou'dst do it with greater Appearance
of

of Truth. You say you're travelling to the
 **Rock of France*; and leave it on the Right-hand,
 and Thirty Leagues at least from the Place
 where we now are. You travel by Night to be
 there the sooner; and walk out of the Road
 among Woods and Forests, where there's
 scarce the least Track to be seen? Rise Friend,
 learn to put your Lies better together; Get
 thee gone, and God speed thee well. But, for
 the good Advice I give thee, Wilt thou sa-
 tisfie me in a certain thing I want to know?
 Wilt thou tell me one Truth? I have some
 Reason to hope it, because thou'rt so awk-
 ward at Lying; Say, art not thou one that
 I have often seen at *Court*, drest so and so?
 If you are the Person I mean, you have the
 Fame of being a great Poet, and compos'd
 an Ode and a Madrigal for one of our Wo-
 men who was at *Madrid* some time ago,
 and passes for pretty handsome. Don't
 conceal any thing from me. I promise thee
 upon the Faith of a Cavalier-Gypsie, to
 keep the Secret if it be necessary. Do not
 think to Shuffle and Cut and feed me with
 new Stories, for after all I know ye. That
 Face which I now see is most certainly the
 same I saw so often at *Madrid*; and to de-
 ny this, you may as well deny being bitten
 by the Dogs: The Renown you had ac-
 quir'd for your Wit, made me often look

* A Mountain so call'd, betwixt *Salamanca* and
Ciudad Rodrigo.

upon you as a rare and a celebrated Author; whereby your Figure is so well imprinted in my Memory, that I shou'd know you again, tho' under a more disguising Dress than what you now wear. Be not disturb'd, take Courage and imagine yourself not among Cut-throats, but in the midst of Friends, and such as will defend you against all the World. More than this, there's one thing, which if it prove as I guess, it is happy for you that you're fall'n into my Hands. Ifancy that being in Love with the *Fair Gypsie*, for whom you made those Verses, you are come in search of her; if that be the case, I am so far from blaming you for it, that I esteem you the more. Tho' I'm a Gypsie, I know by Experience the Force and Power of *Love*. I am not ignorant of the Transformations and Changes he puts those upon who are his Vassals. If it be so, as I doubt not but it is, I declare to you beforehand, that this *Fair Gypsie* is among us. *I know it*, interrupted the young Poet, *I saw her last Night*. These Words struck *Andrew* almost Dead; his Suspicions seeming now to be fully Confirm'd. I saw her last Night, continu'd he, but I did not dare to tell her who I was, for fear it had been ill-time'd. So then you are the Poet whom I mean, reply'd *Andrew*? I am, said he: I neither can nor will deny it: Perhaps it may happen, that where I thought

thought my self Lost, I am come to be Sav'd: if there be Fidelity in Forests, or Humanity among Mountains. Doubtless there is, answer'd *Andrew*, and among us Gypsies the greatest Secresie in the World. With these Assurances you may open your Heart to me, and you'll never have cause to repent it: the *Little Gypsie* is my near Relation, and will do any thing I wou'd have her; If you desire her for a Wife, I will answer for all her Kinsfolks; if for a Mistress, we shan't use many Ceremonies, provided you bring Mony with you. *I do not want for that*, reply'd he; *In the Sleeves of this Frock, which you see, there are at least Four Hundred good Crowns in Gold.* This was another mortal Blow to *Andrew*, who imagin'd that he did not bring so much Mony without some Design; and what else cou'd he propose, but to Conquer or Purchase the Heart of his charming Gypsie? His Uneasiness appear'd in his Eyes, in his Words, and all over him. Such a Sum is not to be despis'd, answer'd *Andrew* with a faltering Tone, Do but let me know what you wou'd be at, and we will set our Hands to the Work; the young Girl will not be very difficult; she's no Fool, I assure ye; She'll not stand in her own Light, I dare say. Ah, my Friend, said the Youth, I wou'd have thee to know, the Violence which

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has constrain'd me to disguise my self, and to wander from Country to Country, do's not in the least proceed from *Love* as you insinuate. I do not languish after *Preciosa*; there are in *Madrid* Beauties enough to have detain'd me there, and who are not inferior to the Fairest of your Gypsies; tho' I confess the Charms of your Couzen *Preciosa*, are beyond most that I have seen. But yet, it is not Love that led me hither over Hedges and Ditches, in the dismal Equipage you see; It is the Caprice of Fortune, and my ill Destiny. With this Discourse *Andrew* recover'd Breath a little, who expected quite another thing; and being desirous to get rid of his Doubts, he prest the young *Page* to recount his Adventures, which he immediately comply'd with. " I liv'd, (says he,) at *Madrid*, in the " Family of a great Lord, whom I Serv'd, not " as a Master but a Relation. He had an " only Son and Heir, who, as well upon Account of Kinship, as being both of an Age " and of the same Humour, Treated me with " great Familiarity and Friendship. It happen'd, that this Gentleman fell in Love with " a young Lady of a good Family, whom he " wou'd gladly have made his Wife; if, like " an obedient Son, he had not absolutely resign'd his Will to that of his Parents, who " were against the Match; because they design'd him for a Greater. For all this " he

" he Serv'd her, and Saw her. I was the only
 " Confident of this Secret Passion, which his
 " Parents believ'd to be utterly Extinguish'd,
 " and yet was never Stronger; for Restraint
 " whets Desire and makes it more Vehement.
 " Passing, both of us, One Night by the
 " door, according to our ordinary Custom,
 " we perceiv'd leaning against it two Men;
 " who seem'd by their Garb to be Gentle-
 " men: My Couzen being willing to see
 " who they were, went up to 'em, and I
 " with him; we were scarce got within
 " reach of their Swords, but they drew and
 " attack'd us Furiously. We receiving them
 " with the same Vigour, the Battle was joyn'd,
 " and determin'd in a Moment: The young
 " Count animated by Jealousie, and I no less
 " for Self-preservation. We redoubl'd our
 " Thrusts so successfully that it cost both the
 " Gentlemen their Lives upon the spot,
 " (an extraordinary Case and seldom seen.)
 " Triumphant therefore for what we wish'd
 " undone, we presently return'd Home, and
 " having loaded our selves with all the
 " Money we cou'd, we went and took
 " Sanctuary in the Monastery of St. Ferome,
 " expecting Day, to see what wou'd be the
 " Issue of this Affair, as likewise the Pre-
 " sumptions that might be held concerning
 " the Murderers. We knew very well there
 " could not be the least Suspicion of us, and
 " therefore the Fathers prudently advis'd us

“ to return Home, that we might not by
 “ our absence waken any Body's Surmise
 “ against us, or give Occasion to accuse
 “ us. Just as we were going to put this
 “ advice in Execution, we were inform'd
 “ that the *Alcalde* of the Court had Sies'd
 “ the Parents of the young Lady under
 “ whose Window the Quarrel happen'd, as
 “ also the young Lady her self; and the
 “ Servants having been Examin'd, One of
 “ the Lady's Maids depos'd, that the young
 “ Count (My Relation) Visited her Mistress
 “ Night and Day; ^{search} that, upon this De-
 “ position they had for us; and find-
 “ ing nothing but Tokens of our Flight,
 “ every Body was convinc'd that we had
 “ assassinated these Gentlemen, who were
 “ Persons of great Note at Court. In short,
 “ after we had lain hid a Fortnight in the
 “ Monastery, We thought it advisable to
 “ make our Escapes. My Friend under the
 “ Habit of a Monk, in Company with one
 “ of the *Fathers*, took the Road toward
 “ *Arragon*, designing to pass into *Italy*, and
 “ from thence into *Flanders*; till he saw
 “ how the thing would End. For my part,
 “ I thought it proper to Separate from him,
 “ and to take another Course. So resigning
 “ my self to Providence, I put on the Dis-
 “ guise you see, and Following another
 “ Monk in the nature of a Servant, we ar-
 “ riv'd at *Talavera*; where we parted. From
 “ that City I came alone, and to avoid any
 “ pursuit

" pursuit that might be made upon the
 " High-road, I travell'd over the Fields
 " like a Criminal, which I did till I found
 " my self last night in this Wood; where
 " your Dogs fell upon me. I told you, in-
 " deed, I was going to our Lady of the
 " Rock; but That was only to make some
 " Answer to your Question; for to speak
 " sincerely, I don't know where that Place
 " is, tho' I have heard it's beyond *Salamanca*.
 It is so (said *Andrew*) and you leave it on the
 right Hand, above twenty Leagues from
 hence; but go on in your Story. " My
 " only design (continu'd the young Gentle-
 " man,) is to go to *Seville*, where lives a
 " Genoese Knight, a good Friend of my
 " Relation the Count, who is us'd to send to
 " *Genoa* great quantities of Plate. I flat-
 " ter my self that by this means I may get
 " to *Cartagena*, and from thence to *Italy*,
 " on board the Galleys he is Fitting out,
 " under the pretence of being one of his
 " Factors; This (my good Friend) is the
 " History of my Adventures, and judge you,
 " if I may not say, they proceed more from
 " Misfortune than any Amorous Inclination.
 " But my greatest Difficulty is how to reach
 " *Seville* in safety: My Soul is distracted with
 " a thousand Fears, which (tho they seem
 " Groundless, yet to my Imagination) all
 " the *Alguazils* in *Spain* are at my heels.
 " Now if these Gentlemen-Gypsies are going
 " that

“ that way, and will carry me to *Seville* along
 “ with ’em, I would gratifie ’em to their Con-
 “ tent; for no Man alive will ever think of
 “ finding me in the midst of such Company.
 “ But to tell you the Truth, I am something
 “ doubtfull whether they will receive me in-
 “ to it or no. I’ll warrant they shall receive
 you, said *Andrew*; you may depend upon
 it; or if you don’t go along with us (for
 as yet I know not whether we shall steer
 toward *Andalusia*,) you shall Enter into
 another Company which we expect to
 meet in two or three Days on the Road;
 and by the help of a little Money, you may
 Effect greater Impossibilities than what you
 speak of. Upon this, *Andrew* left him, and
 went to acquaint the other Gypsies with
 what had pass’d. After he had giv’n them
 a brief Account of the young Gentleman’s
 Case, he told ’em the design he had of
 putting himself for some Time into their
 Company, And they all Unaminously a-
 greed to admit him, except *Preciosa* and
 her Grand-Mother, who said, *They might*
go if they wou’d, to Seville, but ’twas a Country
where she durst not set her foot, nor come with-
in the smell on’t. It is not long since I was there (con-
tinues the Old Woman) and play’d a certain
Tradesman a Trick, which I dare say he has not
forgot; his Name is Triguillos. This Man,
who was Credulous and Covetuous to the last de-
gree, fancy’d that I was a mighty cunning Woman,
 and

and that I cou'd certainly shew him a Treasure, which he believ'd one of his Ancestors had hid in his House. He had rumag'd every creek and corner without any Success; and as it is generally believ'd among the Vulgar, that all Gypsies are Conjurers, especially when advanc'd in Years, He apply'd himself to Me with a great deal of Confidence. He began by putting a piece of Silver in my Hand, and after that Preamble, which he thought to be more Capable than any other of Captivating my good Will, (wherein he was not altogether Mistaken,) he beseech'd me with Protestations which made me laugh, and giving me Praises which certainly I deserv'd not, that I wou'd put in Practice the whole of my Black Art. So being minded to divert my self with him, and at the same time to Cure him of this ridiculous Fancy, with which his poor Brain was disturb'd; I caus'd him to put himself into a Jar of Water up to the Neck stark naked, after muttering some Words which signified nothing, and putting upon his Head a Crown of Cypress, and into his Hand a Wand, which I told him was of a certain Tree (the Name whereof at present I've forgot.) The Vessel stood in a little Stone-Kitchen: Having seen him in his Bagnio, I left him with strict Charge to stay there all the Day without being Impatient, nor to stir out till 'twas precisely Midnight; adding, that so soon as the Clock struck Twelve, the Wand wou'd lead him to the place where the Treasure lay. The Booby remain'd very quiet in this Posture, till he heard the sound of the

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84 The LITTLE GYPSIE.

Martin Bell, being almost perish'd with Cold ; but upon the first twang of the Clapper, for fear of losing the Opportunity, he made so much haste, that he over-turn'd the Jar, and Two little Forms which it stood upon. With the Blow and the Fragments of the Vessel, his Body was sorely bruis'd, and his Head broke in several Places : The Kitchen overflow'd with Water, in which he lay paddling and crying out he was drown'd. His Wife upon the Noise (tho' she knew nothing of the matter) came running in with a Light and Three or Four of the Neighbours at her Heels ; and in this pickle they found him making the motion of a Man that Swims, puffing and blowing and trailing his P^ly on the Ground very laboriously, and wagging ~~his~~ Hands and Feet, and roaring out for help, else he shou'd be drown'd (for such was his Fear, he thought he really shou'd.) The Wife, who had no more Wit than the Husband, or not knowing what she did in her Fright, O my dear Husband, cry'd she, What Evil Angel has thrown you into this sad Condition ? What's the meaning of these Forms and this broken Jar, and whence comes all this Water (for God's sake) about the Kitchen ? Dear Wife, cry'd he, prithee help me out on't as soon as thou canst, and we'll talk of it afterwards. I have lost my Strength and my Breath, and 'tis high time I had some Relief. They lent him their Hands, and helpt him out of the Mire, and when he had recover'd his Spirits, he told 'em Point by Point how the Gypsie had serv'd him. Yet to see the force of
Fancy,

Fancy, all this could not make him *Wiser*. There was not the least Hole about his House where he did not dig and delve for several Days after; and if he had not been discharg'd in Form of Law from further digging, he had certainly pull'd down his own House about his Ears and his next Neighbours too. This Story soon took Air, and was known all over the City, insomuch that the Boys pointed at him as he went along the Streets, which has so provok'd him against those of our Profession, that I hope you will excuse me from exposing my self to his Resentment, by going to Seville. For these Reasons the Old Woman mov'd, that the Youth might be dismiss'd, to get to Seville as well he could. But the rest of the Gypsies being inform'd that he had a good quantity of Money about him, Cry'd out with one accord he shou'd be admitted, promising to guard and conceal him as long he wou'd desire: However, to avoid the Vengeance of *Triguillos*, they resolv'd to turn towards the Left, and enter *la Mancha*, and so into the Kingdom of *Murcia*. At the same time they call'd the young Man, and told him what they intended to do for him. He thank'd them and gave a Hundred Crowns in Gold to be distributed among 'em. This Present made 'em all as Soft as Sable. No Body but *Preciosa* was dissatisfied; she cou'd have wish'd *Don Sancho* (for that was his Name) at *Madrid*. The Gypsies resolv'd to call him *Clement*,

ment, and so shall we for the future ; (the other being too noble a Name for a Gypsie.) Yet to shew that Jealousie is a Distemper almost incurable, *Andrew* was uneasie at *Clement's* staying among 'em, tho' twas done by his Solicitation: His first Suspensions began to wake within him, when he reflected that this young Gentleman, who had express'd so great a desire to go to *Seville*, wav'd his first Design; that he did not make the least Request to the Gypsies to take that Road, and in a Word had neglected the Offer that was made him at first, of putting him into another Company which was going towards that Capital of *Andaluzia*. But *Clement*, as if he read *Andrew's* Thoughts in his Eyes, soon dissipated his Fears by saying that he was very glad they were going towards *Murcia*, because 'twas near *Cartagena*, where he wou'd imbarke for *Italy*, and thereby shorten his Journey very much. *Andrew* agreed to't; but, that he might Watch him the more narrowly and keep him always in Sight, he desir'd *Clement* to be his Comrade; which *Clement* took for a great Favour, not thinking all the while he gave him any Cause of Jealousie. Thus *Andrew* and *Clement* were perpetually together; they Spent high; they Spar'd for nothing; the Crowns flew about; they Ran; they Leapt; they Danc'd; they Pitch'd the Bar; better than

than any Gypsie of 'em all. By the Women they were more than a little Belov'd, and by the Men extremely Respected. At length they left *Estremadura* and enter'd *la Mancha*; Travelling by degrees into the Kingdom of *Murcia*: In all the places through which they pass'd, there were Challenges and Matches made for Wrestling, Fencing, Tennis playing, and other Exercises of Strength and Activity; but *Andrew* and *Clement* were the Men, who always came off Conquerors; (in like manner as hath been said of *Andrew* alone.) During all this time (which was about six Weeks) *Clement* never had an Opportunity (nor in Truth did he seek any) of speaking to *Preciosa*, till one day *Andrew* and She being together they call'd him. I knew ye the first Moment you arriv'd in our Tents (began *Prociosa* to him) I remember'd the Verses you gave me at *Madrid*, but was willing to conceal my knowledge of ye; because I cou'd not tell with what Intention you was come among us; and when I heard your Misfortune, I was sorry for it; but I will own sincerely that I no sooner cast Eye on ye, but my Soul was distracted with a thousand Troubles; Imagining the same Power which had transform'd *Don John*, might have done the like by *Don Sancho*. Be not surpris'd Friend *Clement* (adds she) that I discover to you

Andrew's

Andrew's Passion. I know that he has already told ye, Who he is, and with what Design he has turn'd Gypsie (and indeed 'twas true, *Andrew* had inform'd him of all his Secrets, that he might Communicate his Thoughts with him.) Do not think, (continu'd she,) that my knowledge of you was to your prejudice ; no, rather to your advantage, since 'twas through respect to me, and the Character I gave ye, that you was receiv'd so easily into our Company, and Heav'n grant it may be of use to you, in the promoting of your Designs! Now I desire you wou'd repay this Kindness, by being *My* Friend as well as *Andrews*. I beg you wou'd not paint to him this Action of his Flight in worse Colours than it will bear, nor to use the Arts of Rhetorick in representing how ill he do's to Persevere in this sort of Life; for tho', as I believe, I have *his* Will under the Subjection of *Mine*, yet I shou'd be very much concern'd to see him give the least signs of Repentance. To this *Clement* answer'd, Be persuaded, *Divine Preciosa*, it was not through any Levity of Mind, that *Don John* discover'd himself to me. I knew him as soon as I look'd on him, nor was it difficult at the same Time to perceive that *your* powerfull Charms had wrought this *Metamorphosis*. I presently told him Who he was, and quest the cause

of

of my meeting him Here. He did not at all deny it, but trusting to my Fidelity (having no cause to the contrary) he declar'd his whole Passion. He can bear me Witness, I was so far from disapproving his Resolution that I applauded it; for I am not so Unexperienc'd, or of so narrow an apprehension as not to conceive how far the Power of Beauty can extend; and as yours exceeds all others, so is it a more sufficient excuse for greater Errors; if those can be call'd Errors into which the most Eminent Men have fall'n, and which are committed upon such forcible Reasons. I thank ye for what you Did, and Said in my behalf, and in return I wish that these Labyrinths of Love may lead to a happy Issue, and that thou mayst enjoy thy Andrew, and Andrew his Preciosa, with the Approbation of his Parents; that from so Fair a Conjunction the World may be blest with the most Beautifull Productions well dispos'd Nature can Form; and that thou mayst be as Fortunate as thou art Perfect. These are my Wishes, Preciosa, and this the Language I shall always use to thy Andrew, and no other that may in the least alienate his well plac'd Affections.

All this Clement deliver'd with so much Ardour and Concern, that Andrew was in doubt whether he spoke as a Lover or as a Friend; for the Infernal Passion of Jealousie

is such, that it Catches at the very Atoms of the Sun; which if they do but touch the thing that's Lov'd, the Lover is disturb'd ev'n to Madness. However, his Jealousie being without ground, he came again to himself, and did Justice both to *Preciosa* and to *Clement*; but still he trusted more to *Preciosa's* Goodness than his own Fortune; for Lovers always think themselves unhappy till they attain to what they Sigh for. In short, *Andrew* and *Clement* were constant Companions and fast Friends; every thing being secur'd by the good Meaning of *Clement*, and the Prudence of *Preciosa*; who never gave *Andrew* the least Occasion to suspect her. *Clement* was a Poet (as has been mention'd before) And for *Andrew*, tho' he was not one by Nature, yet Love caus'd him sometimes to make Verses; They were both well Affected to Musick. It happen'd afterwards that the Company, still advancing towards *Muncia* and within four Leagues of it; had taken up their Quarters in a pleasant Valley. One Night, these two Friends, who Lov'd nothing so much as being alone, Retir'd to entertain themselves at some distance from the rest. They sat them down, one at the foot of a Cork Tree, and the other of an old Oak, and being invited by the Silence of the Night, they Sung this Dialogue.

AND R.

Mira Clemente el estrellado Velo
Con que esta noche fria
Compite con el dia, &c.

ANDREW.

*V*iew well these Stars, the Glow-worms of the Sky
With which the Veil of Night is studded o'er;
Then, if thy Towering Thought can rise so high,
Fancy the Heav'nly Maid whom I adore!

CLEMENT.

So fair the Night, it Emulates the Day!
Fairer than Both is She whom you adore;
The Daring Wit that wou'd her Worth display,
Must fly to Heav'n and Unknown Worlds explore.

ANDREW.

Oh! that I had the Wings and Voice of Fame;
Sweet as the Mantuan Bard, as Homer Strong;
Up to Jove's fiery Throne I'd bear her Name,
And give the Spheres a Subject for their Song!

CLEMENT.

Well may'st thou think by Sounding of her Name,
To please the Gods and give new Joys above;
Since a more perfect Work there never came,
From the Creating hands of Father Jove.

ANDREW,

Oh thou! My Heart's Delight! My Souls Regale!
Thy Syren-Force the Wisest ne'er withstood;
Yet do thy Virtues o'er thy Charms prevail,
Thou Antepast of Heav'n! Thou greatest Good!

CLE.

The LITTLE GYPSIE.
CLEMENT.

*Thou Gentle Zephyr! Freshness of the Morn!
Thou Ray, with which blind Love ev'n Ice inflames!
So Soft thy Violence, so Sweet thy Scorn,
All Dye who Look, yet none his Murth'rer blames,*

These two Friends wou'd in all likelihood have continu'd their Poetical Exaggerations, if they had not been interrupted by a Voice they heard behind them; they knew it to be *Preciosa's*, but without stirring they listen'd with the utmost Attention to the following Song, which she sung admirably well: Whether the Words were *Extempore*, or whether she had compos'd them upon any other occasion, 'tis certain they were very *a propos*, and seem'd to be made in answer to theirs.

*En esta empresa amorosa,
Donde el Amor entretengo,
Por Mayor ventura tengo,
Ser honesta, que hermosa.*

I.

BEAUTY 's the Flower of a Day;
Not worth a Wiseman's Care;
Ye Nymphs, that seek Immortal Smay
Be Chaste and be less Fair!

II.

Of Lovers dying at her Feet
Let Celia vainly boast;
'Tis better far to be Discreet
Than be the reigning Toast.

III. Me

III.

Mo if the World Admir'd or Scorn'd
Ne'er gave One Anxious hour;
To those who have their Thoughts well-turn'd,
Their Prudence is a Dower.

IV.

Riches take Wings and fly away,
And Kings themselves may Fall;
But Virtue will for ever stay;
The Mind is All in All.

V.

The humblest Plant if rear'd up straight,
May raise it's head on high.
Merit will make me truly Great,
And want of Wealth supply.

VI.

While Reason's understood by Few,
And Grace in Vain is giv'n,
Let me the Paths of Good pursue,
And leave the rest to Heav'n.

VII.

When Minds upon a Level are,
And move with Equal Pace,
The Peasants Souls may then Compare
With those of Royal Race.

VIII.

'Tis Patience Creates the Bliss,
And makes Our Joys Compleat;
The Distant Poles shall sooner kiss
Than Love and Empire Meet.

Here

Here *Preciosa* putting an end to her Song, *Andrew* and *Clement* rose to go meet her. They joyn'd Company, and *Preciosa* discover'd so much Wit, good Sense, Solidity and Discretion, that *Clement* was effectually convinc'd of the Worthyness of *Andrew's* Choice; for 'tis certain, whatever he had said to the contrary, he cou'd not before absolutely prevail with himself, not to believe that it was only a Sally of Youth which made him follow this Girl who deserv'd better Fortune than to be a Gypsie.

The Troop got up at break of Day, and went to lodge in a Village which depended upon the Jurisdiction of *Murcia*, and not above Three Leagues from it: In this Village the Gypsies met with a Disaster that had like to have cost *Andrew* his Life. The thing happen'd in this manner.

After they had, according to Custom, giv'n some Pledges of Plate to indemnifie the Inhabitants; *Preciosa*, the Old Woman, *Christina*, the Two other Gypsie Girls, together with *Clement* and *Andrew*, went and Lodg'd in an Inn, kept by a rich Widow, who had a buxom Daughter, call'd *Carducha*, about Seventeen Years old, of a coming Stomach, and more Desirous than Desirable. This Creature having seen the Gypsies Dance, the Devil took hold of her, and she grew so desperately in Love with *Andrew*, that she resolv'd to open her Mind

to him; and to marry him without any more ado, if he would have her, tho' all her Relations should forbid the Bans: so, not to lose time, she follow'd him into a back Yard, where he went to look for some Things: She boarded him, and without any other Preliminary, *Andrew*, (said she to him, for she had learnt his Name) *I am a Virgin and Rich; My Mother has neither Chick nor Child but me, and this House is her own; besides which, she has several Vineyards, and two other Houses as good as this: there are Some who say I'm not ugly; if you like me for a Wife, I'm yours. Answer me instantly, and if it holds true, lose not such an Opportunity, for they don't happen every Day.* *Andrew* was strangely surpriz'd at this Compliment, and answer'd her with the same quickness she desir'd; *Madam, I am already bespoken for a Husband; my Word is giv'n, and we Gypsies never Marry but among our selves; God reward you for the Favour you intended me, and of which I am not worthy.* *Cardacha* was within Arms Ace of falling down dead at this unexpected reply of *Andrew's*: She would have rejoyn'd, but that she saw some Gypsy-women entring the Yard. She went out abruptly, fretting, and not a little asham'd; fully determin'd to revenge her self if possible. *Andrew* like a wise Man resolv'd to make the best of his way out of Town, and by that Means to keep the Devil at a Distance. He saw very well

by

by *Carducha's* Eyes that she wou'd ha' been free of her Flesh, without asking the Parson's leave, and tho' the Temptation was not strong enough to indanger his Virtue, yet he was loth to see himself alone, and Foot to Foot, with this *Virago*, in the Lists of Love: Besides, he was willing to prevent any mischievous Consequence that might flow from her Resentment: So he intreated the whole Band to dislodge that very Night; and as they had a Deference for him in all things, they immediately fell to work, and calling in their Pledges that Evening, they quitted the Place. *Carducha* who saw, that if *Andrew* went, one half of her Soul was gone, and that she shou'd have no time to sollicite the Accomplishment of her Desires; Contriv'd to make him stay by Force, since he wou'd not do it by Inclination; She had order'd Matters with so much Secresie and Cunning, suggested by her evil Intention, that she found Means to convey among *Andrew's* Baggage (which she knew to be his,) some rich pieces of Coral, a couple of Silver Porringers, with other things of Value; and the Gypsies had scarce began their March, but she set up her Throat, That she was Rob'd, Ruin'd, Undone; That these Gypsies had stoln her things: And such an Uproar she made, that the Officers of Justice, and all the Neighbours came running in to see what was the

mat-

matter; the Gypsies made a Halt; they all swore they had taken nothing, and to convince 'em, they would open every Pack belonging to the Company. This Motion of a Scrutiny put the Old Woman into a great deal of Pain, for fear they shou'd discover *Preciosa's* Trinkets and *Andrew's* Cloaths, which she kept with great Care and Caution. But Mrs. *Carducha* soon remedy'd all; for as they were examining the Second Bundle, she bid the Officers Ask which was the Wallet belonging to that Gypsie the great Dancer, for she had seen him twice entering into her Chamber, and didn't know but he might be the Thief. *Andrew* hearing this, fell a laughing, Madam *Carducha*, said he to her, This is my Portmantle, and this my Horse; if you find what you look for, I'll pay it you Seven-fold, besides subjecting my self to the Punishment the Law ordains for Thieves.

The Officers fell immediately to examining his Wardrobe, and in a few turns, they met with the Things they wanted: At which *Andrew* was so confounded and amaz'd, that he remain'd just like an Image, Mute, and without the least Motion. Did not I guess right? said *Carducha*; Who would ha' thought so Fair a Face cou'd hide so Foul a Thief. The *Alcade* (or Mayor of the Town) who was present, began bitterly to reproach *Andrew* and all the rest,

K

calling

calling them publick Robbers, and Highway-men. To all which, *Andrew* answer'd ne'er a word, being perfectly suspended and lost in Imagination, not in the least conceiving the Treachery of *Carducha*. While he stood in this Posture, a Soldier (a Nephew of the Mayor's, and a Brutish Fellow) comes to him, *See how this rotten Rogue of a Gypsie stands ! I'll lay a Wager he'll deny the Theft, tho' 'twas found upon him : 'Twere a good Deed to send 'em all to the Gallies : Such a Rascal as this, is fitter to serve the King, than to go about Dancing from Place to Place, and robbing the Country as he does. By the Faith of a Soldier I'll have one Slap at thee, tho' it cost me a Fall :* With that, he lifts up his Fist, and discharg'd upon *Andrew's* Face such a Blow, as soon rous'd him from his Stupefaction, and put him in mind that he was not *Andrew*, but *Don John* : With much nimbleness, and more Rage, he flew upon the Soldier ; and wresting his Sword out of the Scabbard, sheath'd it in his Body, laying him Dead upon the Spot. And now the whole Town was in an uproar ; the People crying out ; Uncle-Mayor raging ; *Preciosa* fainting ; *Andrew* in distraction to see her so dismay'd ; and every Body running to Arms, and pursuing the Murderer. The Confusion increas'd, the Noise grew louder ; and the unhappy Lover, to take care of his Mistress, neglected his own Defence. And

as Fortune wou'd have it, *Clement* was not to be found in this disastrous Conjunction; he was gone before with part of the Baggage, a good Way from the Town: In the end, *Andrew* being surrounded by Numbers, was taken, and loaded with Irons; The Mayor wou'd instantly have hang'd him, but it was not in his Power, being oblig'd to send him to *Murcia*, the next Capital Seat of Justice. They did not carry him thither till the next Day; in the mean time *Andrew* pass'd thro' a World of Martyrdom and ill Usage from the inrag'd *Alcade* and his Officers, and all those of the Place. All the Gypsies were Seis'd, Men and Women, that cou'd be found; but many of them fled, and among 'em *Clement*, who when he heard of the Soldier's Death, was afraid of being taken up and discover'd.

The next Day the *Alcade*, with an Abstract of the Case, and a great Caravan of Gypsies, attended by his Officers and some Soldiers, and a World of Rabble, made his Entry into *Murcia*; in the midst of all, went *Preciosa*, and poor *Andrew* bound in Chains, upon a Male-Mule with Manacles on his Hands, and Fetters on his Feet. All the City went forth to see the Prisoners (having before-hand heard the News of the Soldier's being kill'd.) *Preciosa* never had so many Charms, as on that Day: No Body look'd on her but bless'd her, and the Fame

of her Beauty reach'd the Ears of the *Corregidor* (or Governor's) Lady, who out of Curiosity to see *Preciosa*, prevail'd with her Husband so far, that the *Little Gypsie* was not carry'd to Prison as the rest were. *Andrew* they cast into a close deep Dungeon; the obscurity whereof, and the want of *Preciosa's* Light so wrought upon him, that he fancy'd he shou'd never go out of that Place, unless to be bury'd. *Preciosa* and her Grandmother were carry'd to the Governor's Lady, who seeing her, Said, it was with good Reason they prais'd her Beauty; and at the same time embrac'd her with inexpressible Tenderness, and cou'd not cease looking upon her. She ask'd the Old Woman what Age the young Creature was of? To which she answer'd, Fifteen Years Old within a Month. *Just of the same Age wou'd ha' been my unfortunate Constantia,* (answer'd the Lady, fetching a deep Sigh.) *Alas, this young Girl has renew'd in my Soul a Grief which will never have an end.*

In the mean time *Preciosa*, who saw her self receiv'd so kindly, took hold of the Lady's Hands, and kissing them a Thousand times, bathed them with Tears, crying, *O my dear Lady, this Gypsie the Prisoner, is guilty of no Crime, because he was provok'd: They call'd him Thief, which he is not; they gave him a Blow on the Face, the very Air of which is enough to discover the Goodness of his Soul.*

Soul. By Heav'n, and by your self, I conjure you to weigh his Cause well, and that my Lord the Governor, wou'd be pleas'd not to precipitate Judgment, nor to be hasty in executing the Punishment the Law threatens him with; and if the little Beauty I am Mistress of, has found any Favour in your Eyes, Preserve it in preserving this unhappy Prisoner; for upon his Life depends mine; he is to be my Husband, tho' for just and honourable Reasons we have hitherto deferr'd joyning our Hands. If Mony can obtain his Pardon, and pacify the Relations of the Deceas'd, our who'e Company will sell all they have by publick Out-cry, and give more than shall be demanded: Dear Madam, if you know what Love is, if you was ever touch'd with it, or do still bear it to your Husband, Pity me, who interceed for the Man I dearly and virtuously Love.

All the while *Preciosa* held this Discourse, she had her Eyes fixt upon the Lady's, still pressing her Hands, which she bedew'd with Torrents of resistless Tears. The Lady did the same by her, never letting go her Hands, earnestly attending to what she spoke, and looking on her with no less Commotion, nor fewer Tears. The Governor at the same time entring the Room, and being as much surpriz'd at this Scene, as at *Preciosa's* Beauty, inquir'd the occasion of all this Passion: Upon which *Preciosa* loosing the Lady's Hands, went and threw her self at the Governor's Feet, cry-

ing out, *Mercy, my Lord, Mercy ; if my Husband Dies, I am Dead. He is Innocent ; if not, let me suffer in his stead : At least put off the Trial, that we may procure all possible Remedy ; it may be, Heaven will send Mercy to him who did not offend thro' Malice.*

The Governour was seiz'd with new Admiration to hear the Discreet Words of the Little Gypsie, and if it had not been for shewing Signs of Weakness, he wou'd have born them Company in their Tears.

While this was passing, *Preciosa's* Grandmother revolv'd a Thousand different Thoughts in her Mind, sometimes determining one thing, sometimes another ; At length Addressing to the Gentleman and his Lady, she beg'd they wou'd have a little Patience, and she wou'd soon convert their Complaints into Joy, tho' it might cost her her Life. With that she hastn'd out of the Room, and left them in some Confusion at what she had said. In the mean Time till she return'd, *Preciosa* never ceas'd her Lamentations, redoubling her Intreaties for Further Time in behalf of her Husband, with an intention to let his Father know his Condition that he might come and stir in it.

The Old Woman was not long e'er she came back ; she brought a little Box under her Arm, and desir'd the Governour and his Lady to shut themselves up with her
one

one Moment in another Room, for that she had great News to impart to them in Secret. The Governour thinking she might be willing to discover some Thefts of the Gypsies, thereby to make him more favourable to the Prisoner, immediately retir'd, He and his Wife, into their Dressing-Room, with the old Woman, who falling upon her knees before 'em, *If the good rydngs, said she, which I bring you, do not deserve Pardon for the Crime I'm going to accuse my self of, I am ready to undergo what Punishment you shall please to inflict upon me. But before I confess,* adds she, Pray will your Honours tell me if you know these Toys; In saying so, she open'd the Box wherein were some Jewels and other rich Attire of Preciosa's, when she was an Infant; The Gentleman and his Lady view'd 'em and review'd em, but neither of them cou'd comprehend what they signify'd, any more than that they were Ornaments belonging to some little Child. They are so, reply'd the Gypsie, and this Paper will shew to what Child they belong. The Governour opening it hastily, Read these Words.

The little Child was Call'd Donna Constantia de Azevedo y Menesses; her Mother, Donna Guionar de Menesses, and her Father Don Ferdinand de Azevedo, Knight of the Order of Calatrava. She disappear'd, the Day of Our Lord's Ascension at Eight a Clock in the Morning; In

the Year One Thousand five Hundred and Ninety five. The Child wore the things, that are kept in this Box.

The Lady no sooner heard the Name of *Constantia*, but she knew the Jewels and the rest of the Play-things; She put them to her Mouth and kiss'd them over and over; but was taken with so great a Passion of the Heart that she sunk down. Her Husband instead of asking the Gypsie for his Daughter, was busy'd in succouring his Wife; at length coming to herself, *Good Dear Woman*, cry'd she, *Rather an Angel than a Gypsie, where is the Owner, I mean the Child, to whom these things belong?* Here in your House, Madam, said she; The Girl that drew so many Tears from your Eyes is the Owner of 'em, and is without doubt a Daughter of yours; I stole her at *Madrid* from your House, the Day and Hour the Paper mentions.

Upon this the Lady ran with open Arms to the Hall, where she left *Preciosa*, and found her surrounded by her Women and Maids, still Lamenting and Deploring her Condition; she fell presently to unlacing her, without speaking a Word; and opening her Breast, lookt for a little Mark like a Mole, under her left Pap, and which she was Born with; She found it, but enlarg'd and spread by Age. This was not all; With the same quickness she strip off her Shooe and Stocking, discovering a
Foot

Foot of Snow and Ivory, and form'd as if by Art; she soon perceiv'd what she look'd for, which was, the two little Toes of her right Foot, join'd together by means of a small piece of Skin; which they would never cut in her Infancy for fear of Paining her. The Token of the Bosom, the Foot, the Baby-things, the Remarkable Day of the Theft, the Confession of the old Gypsie, the Surprize and Joy her Parents felt inwardly at first sight of her; all these things confirm'd Preciosa to be her Daughter. With that, she carry'd her between her Arms to the place where she left Her Husband and the old Gypsie. Preciosa was in great Confusion, not understanding why so much Pains had been taken about her Person; and much more seeing herself so Careless'd by the Governor's Lady, who almost smother'd her with Kisses. When Donna Guisomar was got with her Charge in presence of her Husband, she deliver'd Preciosa from between her Arms into his, and quite Transported with Joy, My Lord, take your Daughter, (said she) Receive Constantia to your Bosom, 'tis she herself; nor will it admit of the least Doubt. I have seen with my own Eyes, the Mark in her Breast and that in her Foot; and what is more, my Soul told me so, from the instant my Eyes beheld her. I question it not in the least, answer'd the Governour, holding Preciosa close to him,

I had Presages of Mind like yours! Heav'n has restor'd her by a Miracle which we cannot enough Adore.

The Domesticks of the Family were astonisht, asking one another what this cou'd mean, and they all shot wide of the Mark; for who cou'd have imagin'd the *Little Gypsie* to be their young *Mistress*? The Governour pray'd his Wife and Daughter to keep the thing Secret, till such Time as he shou'd make it known. He Commanded the old Gypsie to do the same, adding, that he Pardon'd the Injury she had done him in Robbing him of his Soul, since the Restoring of Her deserv'd a greater Recompence: And that the only thing he was Angry with her for, was, that knowing the Quality of *Preciosa*, she had engag'd her to a Gypsie, and what was worse, a Thief and a Murderer. *Alas, My Lord,* (said *Preciosa* interrupting him,) *He is neither a Gypsie, nor a Thief, tho' indeed a Murderer; but of whom? Of him that had taken away his Honour; and He cou'd not do less than shew who he was and to Kill him? How, Child, is not the Prisoner a Gypsie?* said *Donna Guimaraes*.

Then the old Woman in a few Words recounted to them *Andrew's History*, and that he was the Son of *Francisco de Carcamo*, Knight of the Order of St. *James*, and that his Name was *Don John de Carcamo*, Knight of the same

same Order; adding, that she had the very Cloaths which he chang'd for those of a Gypsie. She likewise made a recital of the Agreement between *Preciosa* and *Don John*, of waiting two Years tryal in order to *Marriage* or *Separation*; She gave both of 'em the Praises their Virtue truly deserv'd, and commended the obliging Temper of *Don John*. The Governour and his Lady were no less in Admiration at this Story than they were at finding their Daughter: He made the Gypsie go and fetch *Don John's* Habit; which she did, and return'd with another Gypsie, who had them in keeping. While the old Woman was gone, *Preciosa's* Parents askt her a hundred thousand Questions, and She Answer'd with so much Judgment and in so Pretty a Manner, that tho' they had not known her for their Daughter, they must have been Enamour'd with her. They askt her, if she had any Affection for *Don John*? She reply'd, *The Passion she had for him, was no other than what oblig'd her to be Grateful to the Man, who for her sake had condescended to turn Gypsie; but that this Acknowledgement shou'd never pass beyond the bounds of Their Pleasure. Let us not talk of these things, My Dear Preciosa, (reply'd the Father) (for I will have this Name of Preciosa to continue to thee, in Memory of Our having once lost and now found thee) I am thy Father, thou art my Daughter,*

Daughter, and be assure'd I will omit nothing to make thy Fortune worthy of thy Birth and of thy Virtues. *Preciosa* sigh'd at these Words, and her Mother (being a Discreet Woman) understood plain enough that she had a Tenderneſs for *Don John*. Her Fortune is already made (cry'd She to her Husband,) *Don John* is of a diſtinguiſht Family, and Loving our Daughter as he do's, they ſeem to be Born for each other: Let us not Oppoſe their Union. We have ſcarce recover'd her (ſaid the Father,) and wou'd you have us loſe her again? Let us enjoy her a little; when once ſhe's Marry'd, ſhe's no longer Ours but her Huſband's. You ſay well my Lord, answer'd ſhe, and the only thing we ought at preſent to think of, is to remove the Priſoner out of the Dungeon. I will go thither my ſelf, (reply'd the Governour,) becauſe I muſt take his Confeſſion; and once more I charge you to ſay nothing of this Accident till I think fit to publiſh it. With this, he embrac'd *Preciosa*, and went immediately to the Priſon; but wou'd not let any Body enter the Dungeon along with him. He found *Don John* with both his Feet fetter'd and in the Stocks, and his Hands manacled. The Place being dark, the Governour order'd a little narrow Sky-light to be open'd over-head, that he might ſee him, and after looking hard upon him ſome time, *Honest Friend* (ſaid he to him, ironically,)

I'm

I'm glad to see Thee here, with all my Heart ;
 and I wish I had all the Gypsies in Spain in a
 String, to put an End to 'em in one Day, as
 Nero wish'd to have done by Rome, without
 making Two Troubles of it. Know, thou Thief
 of Honour, that I am the supreme Magistrate of
 this City, and am come to interrogate you touch-
 ing your Thefts and the Murder you have com-
 mitted ; but first of all, I must know, if it be
 true that a certain Little Gypsie who is in your
 Gang, be your Wife ? Andrew hearing this,
 imagin'd, that the Governour was fall'n in
 Love with Preciosa ; for Jealousie is of a
 subtle Body, and penetrates other Bodies
 without breaking, seperating, or dividing
 them. However, he made the Governour
 this Answer ; If the young Gypsie has
 Said that I am her Husband, she has spoken
 the Truth ; and if she has Said that I am
 not, she has spoken no Untruth ; for it is
 impossible for Preciosa to lye. No to be sure,
 Gypsies can't lye (said the Governour.)
 But bark ye me, young Man ; she Says, she is
 your Wife ; but has not giu'n you her Hand ;
 and knowing that according to the Heinousness of
 your Crime, you are to suffer Death, she has
 petition'd me, that before you dye I wou'd suffer
 her to be married to you : Being mighty fond, it
 seems, of the Honour to remain the Widow of so
 great a Vagabond. If I were permitted to
 mix my Prayers with hers, reply'd Andrew,
 That shou'd be the only Favour I wou'd ask of
 you ;

you ; let me but carry with me the Name of being Her's, into the other World, and I shall leave this without Regret. You love her terribly (said the Governour.) So much, (said the Prisoner) that if it cou'd be utter'd, 'twere nothing. In a Word Sir, my Case is this. I kill'd him who sought to kill my Honour ; I adore this Gypsie ; I shall dye contented, if I dye in her Favour ; and I doubt not of the Almighty's, since both of us have punctually and religiously observ'd our Promises. Well then, (said the Governour) You shall be brought this Night to my House, where you shall marry your Preciosa, and to Morrow-noon you shall be ty'd up to the Gallows ; and thus I shall satisfy what the Law demands, and what you both Desire. Andrew thank't him, and the Governour returning to his own House, gave his Wife an Account of all that had pass'd, and of what he further intended to do.

During the Time that the Governour was examining Andrew, Preciosa entertain'd her Mother with the History of Her whole Life ; and how she believ'd herself to be really a Gypsie, and the Grandchild of that Old-woman ; but that she always felt within herself very different Inclinations from the other Gypsies. Her Mother conjure'd her to declare the Truth, whether she lov'd Don John de Carcamo ? To which she answer'd Blushing and looking down, That con-
sidering

sidering herself as a Gypsie, and that she might Change her miserable Condition by marrying a Man that was a Knight and of so high a Rank, and one whose Merit and Fair Conditions she had seen by Experience, she cou'd not help looking upon him, sometimes, with Eyes of Affection; but however, she protested as she had done before, that she wou'd resign herself in a perfect Obedience to their Will.

Night came, and about Ten a Clock they took Andrew out of the Prison, after they had knockt off all his Chains but One, which from his very Feet shackl'd his whole Body. In this manner he came, without being seen by any (except those who brought him) into the Governor's House: They led him with great Silence and Secresie into a Chamber, where they left him all alone. Soon after enter'd a Priest, who told him he was come to prepare him for Death, for that he was to be executed the next Day, and exhorted him to make a good Confession. To which Andrew answer'd, He was ready to do it, and wou'd Confess with a very good Will; but why did they not marry him first? They promist to Marry him, and Doubt was more terrible than Death. Donna Gulomar, who had an Account of all this, told her Husband he put Don John to too severe a Trial; that it might be dangerous to hold him under such dismal Apprehensions any longer; that they ought to let him perceive

ceive some little Rays of Hope, for that *Don John* wou'd not be the first who had dy'd thro' Love, Grief and Despair. The Governor agreed to what she said, and thereupon going into the Chamber where *Andrew* was, he told the Confessor that he shou'd first of all marry the Prisoner to *Preciosa* the Gypsie, and afterwards Confess him; Then casting his Eyes upon *Andrew*, he advis'd him to recommend himself to God with a Contrite Heart, and not to despair of his Mercy, which is often shou'd down at a time when Hopes are dryest. This short Exhortation being finish'd, *Andrew* was carry'd into the Hall, wherein were only *Donna Guisomar*, the Governor, *Preciosa*, and Two Servants. But when *Preciosa* saw *Don John* loaded with a great Chain, she turn'd pale, and covering her Breast with her Hand, lean'd upon her Mother's Arm, who embrac'd her, and told her there was nothing to fear, for that it wou'd all end well, and she shou'd presently see how well *Don John* lov'd her. These Words were no Consolation to *Preciosa*, who knew not what they meant. The Old Gypsie-woman was in mortal Dread; and all the By-Standers in Suspence of the Issue. The Governor at last broke Silence, and desir'd the Curate to dispose himself to do his Office upon those Two Gypsies, for they were the Persons who were to be marry'd. I cannot do it, said the Priest, unless
the

the requisite Formalities in such Cases had been observ'd, which I find have not: Where have the Bans been publish'd? Where is the Licence of my Superiors? *This has been my Inadvertency*, answer'd the Governor, *but I will take care and procure a Licence.* Till I see it, said the Curate, these Gentlemen will excuse me; So without a word more, to avoid Scandal, he went his Ways, and left 'em all in Confusion. *The Good Father has done very well*, (says the Governor,) *and perhaps this Inconvenience, is no other than an Effect of Providence, to the end that the Punishment of the Criminal may be deferr'd, for, as I have engag'd my Word, they shall be Marry'd, and in such Cases the Publication of the Bans ought to preceed I own it; I draw from this Delay a good Omen for the Prisoner*, (adds the Governor, looking towards Andrew) *and he will not be the first Man that has prov'd the Truth of the common Saying, He that has Time has Life. In the mean while* (continu'd he) *if Fortune shou'd be so favourable to the Prisoner, as to give him Preciosa and his Pardon together, I wou'd know of Andrew, In what Quality he wou'd Esteem himself happy? Whether as Cavalier Andrew, or Don John de Carcamo?*

Don John was surpriz'd to hear himself call'd by his own Name; but this did not hinder him from answering according to

the real Sentiments of his Soul: Tho' Preciosa has been pleas'd to transgress the bounds of Secrecy, in discovering who I am, I will not betray my Heart, but do declare that if I were blest with this good Fortune you speak of, I wou'd value it above the Monarchy of the whole World. So Compleat a Happyness wou'd put an End to all my Desires, nor shou'd I ever wish for any other Felicity but that of Heaven.

Since you make so ingenuous a Confession, said the Governour, Preciosa is Yours, Take her, and with her All that's dear to me in this Life: Possessing her you possess Donna Constantia de Menesses my only Daughter, who if she Equals Don John in Love is not Inferior to him in Birth.

Andrew, one may easily imagine, was extremely surpriz'd at this strange Turn: In a few Words Donna Guiomar let him know how Preciosa had been stol'n, and by what Marks they were infallibly assur'd she was her Child. Don John at first thought it all Illusion and Inchantment; so ravish'd at his good Fortune, he knew not whether he was sleeping or waking: But in an Extasie of Joy threw himself at the Governour's Feet, calling him Lord and Father; and embrac'd the Knees of the Lady; who rais'd him up, overwhelm'd with Tears; then approaching Preciosa, he begg'd she would give him her Hand, which he wor-

ry'd

ry'd with Kisses, and exprest a thousand natural and tender Sentiments. The News of this Adventure was soon made Publick: The Secret broke out of the House with the Servants, who had been present; and in a Moment the whole City was Fill'd with it. Which being known to the *Alcade*, Uncle to the Deceas'd, he saw himself prevent in his Revenge, since there was no Room for the rigour of the Law to take place upon the Governour's Son.

Don John dress'd himself in his former Cloaths, which the Gypsie had brought. His Confinement was turn'd into Liberty, and his Chains of Iron into those of Gold. The Gypsies were set free, and dismiss the next Day with Money in their Pockets; and nothing but Joy was seen. The *Alcade* receiv'd a Promise of two thousand Ducats, to drop the Suit, and pardon *Don John*; who not forgetting his Comrade *Clement*, caus'd diligent search to be made for him, but he was not to be found; Nor had they any intelligence of him till four Days after, when advice was brought of his being actually embark'd and gone off in one of the *Genouese Gallies*, that lay in the Port of *Cartagenae*. Every thing concurr'd to make *Don John* Happy; The Governour inform'd him he had certain News of his Father's Success at Court, and that they expected him in few Days in those Parts, to take upon him

the Government of that Province, of *Murcia*, adding, It would be proper to wait for his Coming, that to the Wedding might be made with his Approbation and Blessing. *Don John* undertook to answer for his Father's Consent; And beg'd he would not Torture him any longer with Expectation; but * Betroth him out to *Preciosa*. The Archbishop, contenting himself with some little Formalities, granted a sufficient Dispensation. The Governour being mightily belov'd, the whole City Celebrated the Festival with Bon-fires, Illuminations, Bull-Feasts, † and Tilting with Canes. The old Gypsie Woman remain'd in the Family, for She would not leave her Grand-daughter *Preciosa*. The Story soon flew to Court; *Don Francis de Carcamo* was congratulated upon it, nor could he dissemble his Joy. He understood it was the same *Preciosa* he had seen, and her Beauty made him excuse the Irregularities of his Son; whom he had giv'n over for Lost, because he knew he was not gone to *Flanders*; and that which rendred his Joy compleat, was

* *Desposar*. The Betrothing a Man and Woman in Spain is actually marrying of them, for from that time they cohabit; tho' afterwards, and perhaps when they have several Children, they go to Church and are publicly Marry'd.

† *Juego de Canas*. A Sport or Exercise us'd in Spain, by Gentlemen on Horse-back, representing a Fight with Canes instead of Lances.

was the Alliance his Son had made in Mar-
rying the Daughter of so noble and so wealthy
a Gentleman, as *Don Ferdinand de Azevedo*:
He hasten'd his Departure, being Impatient
to see his Children, and within twenty days
Time arriv'd at *Murcia*. Upon which the
Diversions were renew'd, the two Lovers
publicly Marry'd, and the History of their
Lives recounted. The Poets of the Place,
(where there are some and very good Ones
too) undertook to Celebrate this strange
Adventure, together with the Matchless
Beauty of the *Little Gypsie*. And in such a
manner was it describ'd by the Famous
Doctor *Pozo*, that in his Verses the Renown
of *Preciosa* shall Live as long as Ages endure.
I had forgot to Mention how the Amorous
Carducha discover'd the Falseness of her Ac-
cusation; She confess'd her Passion, and her
Crime, which was suffer'd to pass Un-
punish'd; for in so General a Joy and upon
so Remarkable an Occasion, Vengeance
was bury'd, and *Mercy* took place of
Justice.

The End of the First NOVEL.

10 In part of the Impression, Page 80, Line 14, the
Word *Search'd* is left out. Page 90, the last Line but
Three, *done* is put instead of *down*. Page 91, Line 3,
for *esto*, read *esta*.

was the Alliance his son had made in Mar-
rying the Daughter of a noble and wealthy
Gentleman, as Don Ferdinand had been
the partner of his Departure, being impatient
to see his Children, and within twenty days
time arriv'd at Madrid. Upon which the
Divisions were renew'd, the two Lovers
publicly marry'd, and the History of their
lives recount'd. The Poets of the Place,
(where there are some and very good Ones)
too undertook to Celebrate this famous
Adventure, together with the Matchless
Beauty of the Lady. And in such a
manner was it receiv'd by the Factions
of the Place, that it has the Renown
of having shall I say as Ages endure
I had forgot to mention now the Antiquary
Cortez discovered the Testaments of her An-
cestress; she consult'd her Passion, and her
Crime, which was suffer'd to pass un-
punish'd; for in so General a Joy and upon
so Remarkable an Occasion, Vigilance
was bury'd, and every took place of
Justice.

THE END OF THE LAST NOVEL.

It is in part of the Impression, Page 34, Line 1, the
Word should be left out. Page 35, Line 1, the
Word, is put instead of was. Page 35, Line 3,
for the, read the.

